

The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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Poetry.

THE HEAVENLY MARRIAGE.

WHEN I returned,
With Oriel from our lonely mountain watch
To that fast falling vale of Paradise,
Who first of all those white robed multitudes
Should greet me, but my own, my sainted wife?
Her spirit, like mine, dismantled of the flesh,
But radiant with the likeness of her Lord;
Our infant cherubs clinging to her skirts,
The mother with the children; (how, not so?)
My wife—yet deem not by that name, her soul
Had not put off its earthly, and put on
Its heavenly. In a moment I was 'ware
She was forever, altogether mine;
Not spouse, but what is symbolized by spouse;
Not consort, but what consort typifies;
The meaning now made fact; the ideal here
Transparent in our real unity,
A reflex glory and image of myself,
Ah! helpmeet for me in the house of God.
O, never in her loveliest on earth
Of bud or bloom appeared she lovely as now,
Nor ever had I loved her as this hour,
When hanging on my neck, as she was wont
She looked up with her tender, pleading face
And sobbed for very ecstasy, not grief,
"My husband!" This was all, but this is heaven.

E. K. RICKENBETH
Yesterday, To-day and Forever.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sore.
A fly of a day
Is tamer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON

O, LISTEN MAN!
A voice within us speaks the startling words,
"MAN THOU SHALT NEVER DIE!" Celestial voices
Hymn it round our souls, according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality;
O, listen, ye our spirits! drink it in
From all the air "Tis in the gentle moonlight;
Is floating in Day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step,
Comes to us and breathes it in our ears.

R. B. DANA.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in 65 year
1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court of the United States, for the Southern District of
New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER XII.

ISAAC RIPLEY AT HOME.

CHARLEY having whispered Theresa that he didn't like *that* man, made his escape and scampered off to the mill in search of Moses, who was a quiet, thoughtful lad, with a heart, like his mother's, full of love and goodness.

Theresa, herself unusually sensitive in her mood that day, shying away to the corner furthest from the master of the house, surveyed him with feelings of awe, bordering close upon terror.

Some sticks of wood were burning on the hearth, though it was summer, and in a rude arm chair of his own manufacture, Mr. Ripley sat before the blaze, sick, irritable, withdrawn into himself, and apparently unwelcome there. The high cheek bones made little red spots above them, as if they were pushing through, but elsewhere the skin had the dead, shiny and crumpled look of a collapsed bladder. At the corner of the eyes it was puckered as if tied up in bunches; the mouth was so sunken that the lips seemed bitten in, and the long, sharp chin was as grey and rough as a stubble patch. His throat was closely muffled, and on his head he wore a night-cap of knitted wool, and of a grisly gray color that matched his chin. The eye-brows were a fluffy shaggy, and the intense eyes beneath them shot forth continual rays as cold and sharp as icicles. He thrust back his sleeve now and then, showing hairy, attenuated arms, ridged high with veins as blue as indigo.

Any sign of cheerfulness appeared to annoy him, and once or twice, when the fire blazed up, he took from the jamb against which it leaned, his knotty walking-stick and beat down the flame with a will. And when a cricket, coming up between the stones of the hearth, began to chirp, he swept it with a dash of his hand among the living coals.

The grey shadows grew darker, the smothered firelight flickered faintly along the wall, and the rumble of the mill, and the moaning and droning of a spinning wheel in some distant part of the house, added to the gloom of the rainy night-fall. This monotony was soon invaded, however, and in some degree enlivened, by the lowing of cattle, the falling of barn, the ring and clatter of milk-pails and pans, the whistle of youngsters calling to one another across the hills, and all the other sounds that characterize the mornings and evenings in the country.

Bally busied herself with various domestic

chores, and Dorcas, her cheeks like two roses which the May had just kissed to life, found it a labor of love to assist. But Theresa, homesick and silent, sat at the window gazing listlessly out upon the long black stubble land—the narrow lane bordered with scrubby quince and apple trees, under which the sheep were huddled, the grey hay-stacks, the weather-beaten barns and sheds, straggling towards the hillsides too near the woods, so tangled, and wet and wild. All seemed alike lonesome and forbidding, and it was a great relief when Aunt Liddy, who had been missing for the half hour past, came back brightened up with all her smartest finery.

A snow white cap with a crimped frill, and tied under the chin with brown ribbons, a dress of black bombazette and a silk apron.

"Well, Is'r'l, I'm going," she said, peering on the hearth-stone beside him, her face aglow with excitement and hurry. He poked in the ashes with his stick without looking up, and she went on, "Tell me how I look in my fine new cap, Is'r'l? I didn't care about the ribbons, but Moses bought it from the store the other night and would have me to wear it. Is it too gay for an old woman like me?"

"Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speak. What do I care for your furbelows?"

She laughed after her poor little fashion of laughing upon like occasion, and turned to go, but paused, and coming back said: "I'm afraid you're not so well as common, Is'r'l, and if you think you'll need me I'll take off my things and stay at home even now." As she spoke she tucked the brown cap-ribbons away from her chin, quite out of sight.

"Woman, don't deprive yourself of pleasure because of your husband's sickness, but if you are going, go!"

"Pleasure, Is'r'l? Dear me, how can you talk so? I have only been once out of the house in six months, and that in case of sickness. Pleasure, to be sure—well, well!"

"You're not fool-hardy enough to set off alone? It's pitch dark, and raining now."

"I am used to the dark," she said, sadly—and she might have added, used to be alone, but she did not, she only said, "and old enough, I hope, to take care of myself."

The grey eyes slanted up so sharply this time that they pierced her through and through.

"Possibly so, possibly not. Some of the Smiths haven't been able to take care of themselves, in any sense! and it seems to me a great imprudence, to say the least, to leave the house full of young girls in charge of Rachel. I must say it, if she is your near kinswoman."

Lydia Smith, before she became Lydia Ripley, had had a little heaven of spirit somewhere in her nature. And all these years it had worked in the dark, just enough to keep itself alive, and all at once it came to the surface. It had been so long since she had made any assertion of herself that apparently she had lost the power. The bent shoulders straightened up till it seemed as if she were a foot taller than

common, and the tender eyes burned like fire. "You may say what you please of me Is'ri," she said, "but I won't bear one word against poor Rachel! She hasn't a friend in the world to speak for her, if it isn't me, and I will speak for her, and I will stand up for her, while I've a roof to cover my head or a piece of bread to divide. For all of her misfortune, she is as good, as exemplary and as trust-worthy to-day, as the best, and you know it—I don't except even the Ripleys!" And having thus given away to just indignation, as she had not done for twenty years, Mrs. Ripley, overcome by excitement and terror, fell in the nearest chair, all of a heap—fell together and began to cry.

Doubtless Mr. Ripley was astonished, but he would not betray to his wife that she had power enough over him even to surprise him, and speaking rather to himself than to her, he said: "The crackling of thorns under a pot."

For one moment the bowed shoulders straightened again, but as instantly fell as if a blow had crushed them down, and for a long while the two sat within arms length of one another, never speaking a word, but what one of them was thinking, we may partly guess.

There were between her and the open air of freedom the tender lights of love—the sweet delusions of hope—the whispers of fancy—such thick drifts of blind, cold darkness! Could she help thinking of it all?

There were such weary years of hard, lonesome work between her and her careless girlhood, such tyrannies of exaction and repression and overbearing—such vigilance of ownership in the stead of vigilance of love. Could she help recounting it all?

There were beds of sickness to think of, tended by the gentle hands of Rachel, while the husband was away at the vendue, or the raising—perhaps in the next town or county, about some of those lofty transactions the nature of which he did not even indicate to her. Perhaps she thought of them. There was Sally's neglected, not to say, despised, cradle to think of—of all her alien life at the hearthstone, and beneath the roof-tree, even till that very day—she possibly thought of that. The rain was dropping on two little graves wherein she had laid her first and second born, in that terrible grief that does not grieve, because she had known that death to them was better than life—certainly she thought of them, and wondered if in eternity they would find the light that failed to reach them in time.

There was yet another child to think of more tenderly—more sorrowfully than of the living or the dead. When the reader will have seen her, he will judge whether or not in that dark hour that miserable child had a place in her memory. At last, when the silence was broken by sobbings, that were almost hysterical, Mr. Ripley arose, and, without a word, took his knotty stick and walked deliberately out of the house, and into the rain.

All the tenderness which had been only chilled, was thawed back to life, when the little woman beheld her husband thus tempting the perils of the wet night air, and she must have rushed after him, but for the knowledge that expostulation on her part would be quite thrown away. On the instant, too, a yet more powerful hindrance intervened. Sally presented herself—the rough tangles of her hair, set full of rain drops, and her eyes wide with wonder that her mother was not yet gone. Her coarse common sense pretty generally carried away the sentimental overtures that might else have come to expression.

"Don't mother, don't!" she cried—"you can't soften stone with tears, and it's a awful pity to try. Besides you'd better get off 's quick 's possible—the Judge 'll stay out in the rain all night if you stay here. Come! Moses brought your old mare 't th' door half 'n hour ago!"

And having thus entreated her mother in the kindest way she knew, Sally lighted a tallow candle, and proceeded to the cellar, which was inaccessible from the interior of the house, and indeed required quite a journey round about it. The droning noise of the spinning-wheel stopt presently, a light step was heard along the hall, and Rachel Smith appeared, a slight, shy girl, with modest eyes, and a pale face that bore the expression of mingled sweetness and pain. If she saw that Mrs. Ripley had been weeping, she seemed not to see it, but making haste to lower the curtains, busied herself with little cares, talking in that careless, soliloquy sort of way that requires no answer.

Her voice was low and tender as a lullaby, and had in it something of that pleading appeal that we sometimes hear in the notes of birds when they try to sing in the frost or the rain.

Her hair was not golden, nor brown, nor auburn, but downright red, abundant, and broken along the temples into little waves, yet not curling, and over it all she wore a little white cap, doubtless meant to be a token of unweddedness, but producing really a coquettish effect, tying in, as it did, such a wealth of beautiful hair. She might have been twenty-five or twenty-six, but her manners were those of a child, and the face would have been childish, too, but for the solemn, far-looking eyes. She brought a sweet atmosphere into the room with her, and you almost expected to see some crushed wild flower in her bosom, or her hand, but she wore no ornament about her—not so much as a brooker flower.

Her petticoat was of linen, snowy-white, and made in the simplest fashion, and the short gown she wore above it was of linen, too, woven in narrow strips of lawn and white, and she had probably spun the flax for both, and afterward woven and sewed them into garments.

Mrs. Ripley, with her face turned from Rachel, was nervously twitching at the pin in her shawl.

"Let me fasten it for you, dear Aunty," she said, and, without waiting for a reply, wrapt and pinned the shawl over the anxious bosom. She did not inquire what was wrong, she did not seem to see that anything was so, and when Mrs. Ripley said she had torn her new silk apron, and had had a long cry about it, Rachel rather sanctioned the crying by saying that she had done the same thing a few days before, and all because of a very trifling accident.

Thus put at ease with herself, Mrs. Ripley went on with more confidence. She said she knew she ought to be ashamed of herself to cry for nothing, but she had always cried over such trifles ever since she was a girl; she wouldn't have Is'ri know it for the world—he never could bear to see her shed tears, and a good reason for it, he never gave her cause! O no, he was one of the best husbands in the world, as she was sure Rachel could testify.

"Yea, yea," said Rachel. "Judge Ripley didn't need any praises from the like of her. She was sure she didn't know where she should have found a home to hide her head in, but for him—she never, never could be grateful enough, and then to think of the vantage ground, that he had never taken advantage of. You know

dear Aunty, what cruel words he might speak, and speak only the truth, but he remembers his loving Master and will not cast a stone. O how much I am unworthy of such forbearance! I am unworthy to tell him how deeply I feel his goodness, and so I just keep still in his presence."

His coarse insinuations were yet ringing in Mrs. Ripley's ears, and she knew it was to herself, and not to him, that Rachel was indebted for a home, but she smiled to see her just once stripped away, and falsely imputed to him.

"You must not allow your gratitude to be a burden to you, Rachel," she said. "Is'ri has but done his christian duty, and that is its own reward. You are wise to be silent, for he never can bear to hear his own praises; so don't let any time nor circumstance betray you into breaking the rule you have laid down for yourself—it wouldn't do, it wouldn't do at all, Rachel!" she spoke with an earnestness quite disproportionate to the occasion.

"Perhaps I had better not speak to him about anything," says Rachel—"I am so simple, and he is so wise."

"Ah, that is best indeed—his own thoughts seem to be company enough, and I dare say if we could know what they are, we should not be surprised that it is so." She turned to the window as she spoke, and exclaimed—"Why, there he is in the rain—poor man—gone out for the sake of saving some of us women a step, I'll warrant you! Well, I'll go along, and when he sees it raining on me, he will begin to feel it himself, and so come into the house." At the door she turned back and entreated Rachel to make a nice warm slice of toast for Is'ri's supper that evening, and don't forget," she added, "about that other matter—nothing said, nothing to mend you know."

"I know," says Rachel, and in some vague, shadowy way she did know.

Mrs. Ripley had quite set herself up by this time, and having tied a red bandanna handkerchief over her old black bonnet, and gathered her umbrellas together, which, when left to its own free will, had a habit of falling loosely about, she mounted the old mare, tucked her petticoats down neatly, and with a brave and self-sufficient air, whipt past Moses and Israel, junior, who stood in the open barn door, agape with wonder and admiration at the dexterity of her horsemanship.

"Why, mother, a body 'd take you to be just about sixteen!" cried Moses after her, his round, red cheeks, shining with innocent pride and delight. But, notwithstanding the show of bravery, there was an aching head inside the old black bonnet and an aching heart beneath the black shawl.

At the turn of the lane, she looked wistfully back. "Is'ri" had gone into the house—he was not looking after her.

And all this while Theresa had sat by the window, and she sat there still, watching the waddling gate, the big-bellied old mare, and the flopping of the umbrella, till the intervening trees and the darkness hid them from view. The little tragedy she had witnessed had suggested inquiries of a new and painful character. Were such episodes incident to domestic life, or were they exceptional? She knew that no deep wound closes without a scar, and she could not but wonder how many scars it would take to callous over all the heart.

She could not repress those thoughts, and yet she feared that in their indulgence she was little better than one of the wicked. It did not occur to her as a possibility, that any man

could be bad enough to marry a woman more for the sake of her three hundred acres of land than for her own sake, nor did it occur to her that love, which she knew to be a slip from a heavenly tree, might, when transplanted to this low soil of earth, require careful nurture, and tending in order to insure its growth to divine beauty and bloom, which poets are so fond of ascribing to it, in all circumstances. She only knew, or thought she knew, that marriage was the synonym of love, and that love was love forevermore. No wonder her little head was puzzled. No wonder the ends of things seemed tangled and confused past all straightening.

She started as from a dream, when Rachel leaning over her chair, said kindly, "And so you go to school, do you, my little Tremy?"

The young girl turned, and when she saw the sweet face, it seemed as if a shadow were lifted from her heart, as if, indeed, all the room were made brighter by her presence.

Then Rachel asked if there were good many scholars, and then she talked about the school-house, itself, and the cross-roads, and the saw-mill, and the honey-locust tree, and all the interesting points of its neighborhood. Then she got back to the scholars again, and asked if there were many boys in school.

"Why, yes, quite a good many."

"Were they little or big, mostly?"

"Mostly big boys," Theresa thought.

"Why, that is strange—there must be some little boys—as little as ten years old, surely."

"O yes, half a dozen!" But Theresa did not name any of them.

"They are good children, I hope—children that don't require to be corrected—that is, I mean don't require whipping—that's dreadful."

Theresa thought of that day's experience, and in childish confusion, wrote on the window-pane with her finger.

"And so you think it a pretty good school?"

Theresa had not said, she thought it a good school, but she said so now.

"A good school must have a good master, to be sure," says Rachel—speaking with a sort of artificial buoyancy and animation.

"I suppose so," says Theresa—writing faster than ever.

"You suppose so? Why, don't you like your school-master?"

Theresa had been asked the same question forty times, and yet she felt, she knew not why, that this had in it a peculiar interest, which had not belonged to any of the other questions, and in some sort, she felt compelled to say she liked the master, and she did say so with a heartiness that was not quite sincere.

"Do the other scholars like him as well as you do?" and Rachel's fingers made a little pattering on the girl's shoulder, as she enquired.

Theresa hesitated, but finally answered—"Well, yes." She had felt no hesitancy in exaggerating her own good opinion of him, but she could not without a twinge of conscience attribute false sentiments to her schoolmates, and by way of reconciling herself to herself, she added quickly and with eagerness—"everybody agrees that he knows a great deal; he can read and translate Greek and Latin better than Mr. Job Meadows himself, they say."

Rachel's fingers pattered on the shoulder faster than ever. She was winding up her energies to ask a leading question.

"Is he ever partial?" she said, beating closer to the great central interest than she had yet done.

Theresa wrote in a very confused manner now, for in spite of her, the letters took the shape of her thoughts—W-e-s; W-e-a, over and over.

"What are you writing?" says Rachel.

"Nothing." And Theresa blotted the marks quickly away.

"I suppose," Rachel said directly, "that the best of masters seem partial sometimes, and I suppose, too, that the best find it necessary to punish sometimes"—and then she went on, adding playfulness to her previous buoyancy.

"You, girls, get the worst of it, don't you?"

Theresa, in her eagerness to deny the charge, and do all justice to the master, inadvertently overdid the business, her very defence going to show that the boys did get punished.

This was just what Rachel had been longing to know, and now that she knew, she got as far from it as possible, and asked whether or not, the master was likely to be re-engaged for another quarter.

Theresa saw her blunder by this time, and tried to make amends, but without helping matters.

"O, yes, she was sure he would be engaged, the trustees were all in favor of him, just because he—well—because he was so strict with the boys."

"But he does not flog them?" said Rachel, trying now to lead her witness from the avowed she had been leading toward.

Theresa could not tell a direct and positive lie, and with a cheek burning as though she were criminating herself, answered, that he did whip a little sometimes.

"Anybody in particular—any boy more than the rest?"

Rachel spoke low, and her voice trembled.

Why did Theresa tremble so? she could not herself have told, but she did. Neither could she have told why she answered, no; but she did so answer, and by some strange influence felt herself compelled to speak the lie.

"I am so glad to know it," says Rachel—and this time the cheerfulness was real.

"Glad of what?" cried Sally, bustling into the house, with the empty milk-pails in one hand, and a glowing tallow-candle in the other.

"Glad you have so good a master."

So good's what? He ain't so good, I can tell you, but that he effects capital punishment whenever he's a mint to. Didn't Wes Smith catch it to-day? You've seen a sheared sheep with its sides cut long every rib! Well, that's th' way Wesley's shoulders looked—at 'pears like the master hates Wes!"

The clutching of Rachel's fingers had by this time printed Theresa's neck and shoulders with red marks, but she forbore to speak, and Sally went on—

"I b'lieve th' master could be 'rested, for he struck with a mallet-a-forethought 'f evers a man did!"

The hand began to feel heavy by this time, and cold and damp.

"What's matter?" cried Sally, snuffing the candle with her fingers and flashing the light full in her face. "F I'd know Wes was anything to you, I would 'a' told it 'any how, I han't told it 'all 's bad as 'twas."

"Rachel Smith's woman!" it was Mr Ripley who called out thus, thumping his knotty stick down upon the old cracked hearth-stone at the same time.

Rachel evidently understood the call as a signal for the breaking up of the little group; for she made no other answer than by gliding away

like a shadow, and busying herself about the preparation of supper. There was no change in her expression or manner, except that her eyes seemed to be looking farther away.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO HEALTH.

BY EATY Z. JACKSON.

DEAR REVOLUTION: You come each week like a fresh breeze bearing inspiration. May the courage and faith born of steady devotion to a good cause never forsake you.

Among the multitude of questions for agitation and settlement which will follow in the train of this grand one of Woman's Suffrage, must come, sooner or later, the question of woman's right to health.

Sad it is, but true it is, that the dear women of America, with few exceptions, are a race of sick women. Not bed-ridden, but delicate, feeble, nervous, wearied out by slight exertion, many times, alas, in a chronic state of tiredness, who never know the blessed sensation of rest. As wife, as mother, as citizen, what power in the way of help, influence and accomplishment,—supposing her equal in other respects,—has a sick woman beside a healthy woman?

Not until we learn that body and mind, or body and soul are not separate identities, independent of each other, but that they are wedded so closely that one cannot possibly be impeded without corresponding loss to the other, will this matter of health claim just attention. And do you not see, dear REVOLUTION, what a vital relation it holds to the noble work you are doing. A woman whose lungs are choked by corsets, whose liver is congested, whose stomach is taken possession of by dyspepsia, whose head throbs with pain, or whose nerves have run away with her will and self-possession and peace of mind, cannot comprehend or appreciate the meaning of truth, justice, liberty and Women's Suffrage, or impress it upon others with anything like the clearness and force that she could if her body could be an efficient aid, instead of a deplorable clog. You cannot expect a battered, unstrung harp to give forth the harmonies of heaven. Health and freedom of mind and soul must go hand in hand with health and freedom of body, if the coming age is to realize the possibilities of a true and worthwhile womanhood and manhood.

"Faith Rochester"—whoever she may be, I bless her—in her letter to you on woman's dress, touches one of the manifold causes of woman's invalidism. Aside from other evils which affect their lives, think for one moment how the majority of our women are dressed, from their poor abused heads to their poor abused feet, and cease with me to wonder at their sickly condition. Their prisoned lungs can only flutter and gasp, they cannot draw full, deep inspirations of God's pure air. Their delicate vital organs, compressed and oppressed by wicked corsets are weakened and dispirited. Their limbs, yes, and their whole bodies, are fettered and burdened with long, heavy skirts.

I remember once of hearing a gentleman say that he had occasion the evening before to carry the clothes which his wife had worn during the day, from one chair to another, and was utterly astonished at their great weight. "Why," he said, "if I had to carry such a load as that in my office for one day, it would be the hardest day's work I ever did. How can the women endure it!"

Do not imagine that a healthful dress must of necessity be awkward, ungainly and outre, or that its wearer must as necessarily be an eccentric, ugly, dried up fanatic. The history of the world's progress proves that the pioneers of all great and needful reforms were obliged to rough hew their paths through hard, new, forbidding fields, guided by one steady purpose ("riding a hobby," if you please), without turning to the right or left to spend thought or strength on side issues, involving the beautiful and aesthetic. They were the martyrs, the lonely, dishonored, misunderstood ones, who lived by an unquestioning faith, and who deserve an ever grateful remembrance. It was those more fortunate ones who came after, to round off the angles, smooth and beautify the rough way, and make it pleasant and popular for the masses.

I suppose the early dress reformers, who were absorbed in the idea of contriving a dress in which women could live and breathe and walk with comfort, did not pay much attention to grace or comeliness. They accomplished their special task through struggle and hardship the most grievous to be borne, and opened the way for others who were glad to make use of their gifts in the way of good taste and love of the attractive, for the sake of helping on the cause and perfecting the work thus begun. And they have discovered, ye skeptical ones, that it is among the possibilities to make a woman's dress at once healthful and beautiful! I wish you could have such practical proof of it before your eyes as I have every day. Let me describe to you one or two suits which have been, or are doing active duty, and be assured they are not "fancy sketches."

A fair, fresh school girl of eighteen, with abundant golden hair falling free over her shoulders, wears a rich, ultra-marine blue, broad-cloth dress, made with loose "blouse," which fits perfectly;—gored skirt falling four or five inches below the knee, with a light underskirt of the same shade; a garment of the same material as the dress covering the limbs and body as thoroughly as the "trowsers" described by "Faith Rochester,"—but fashioned at the bottom somewhat like a loose leggin or a Scotch "gaiter," a handsome black kid boot, trimmed with scalloped bands of dark blue leather around the tops and down the front. The boot is made very high in the leg (eleven or twelve inches) and buttons over the "gaiter" so that the latter is scarcely visible. It resembles the fashionable "rink-boot" so pretty for skating costumes. It is open in front and is fastened by a separate ornamental strip of leather (in this case, blue) which is buttoned to a row of buttons each side the front, and gives a very pretty effect. An English walking jacket, like the dress, trimmed with gilt braid and buttons, a white frill at the wrists and neck, with Roman scarf and a jaunty velvet cap with waving plume complete the suit. Another costume of soft all-wool Scotch plaid in gay colors, made with full Garibaldi waist, finished with black velvet collar, cuffs and sash; a skirt like the one just described, only two or three inches longer; plaid leggins, buttoning at the side, high black boots, trimmed with scarlet leather; plaid wrap and Scotch cap, is decidedly picturesque, especially when you add to it a round, laughing face, ruddy with health, and full, graceful form which has never been tortured by whalebone and lacings. If your taste is "quiet," I will show you a suit for autumn wear of gold brown Irish poplin cut after the Gabrielle pattern, wit-

overskirt, bretelles and round cape trimmed with deep folds of satin, the same shade, "gaiters" like the dress, bronze boots, gloves to match and a simple round hat crowned with autumn leaves and grasses.

This description, in addition to the one given by "Faith Rochester" of a somewhat similar style, is enough to give you a general idea of a dress which allows its wearer freedom to breathe and move unfettered, and which is an adornment rather than a disfigurement. I admire as much as any one the rich, soft fabrics for women's wear, which are brought to our market in such profuse and beautiful variety, with their accompaniments in the way of delicate, real laces, plumes, ribbons, furs, etc., and see no reason why fashion should monopolize them all, for good common sense does not ignore beauty. And yet I would rather any day see fresh, happy Kitty Clover in her neat calico dress with the light of health shining in her eyes, than the poor, pinched, dainty, Miss Lillybell, in elegant and fashionable attire, who has lost the natural rose from her cheek, the sparkle from her eyes, and the refreshing bodily magnetism and elasticity which precious health alone can give. Wouldn't you? Which of the two will make the most worthwhile wife, mother, free citizen and voter?

"Our Home," Danville, N. Y.

MORE PITIFUL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 16, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: You last week gave, under the head of "Pitiful," a paragraph from a sermon by "a reverend reviler" of this city, in which woman is placed on the lowest step of "the graded order that God has established for intelligent beings." But you mistook the name of this "reverend reviler," and lest he be robbed of any portion of the honor due to him, let me state that the sermon quoted from was preached by Rev. C. B. Boynton, D.D., pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Washington and late Chaplain of the House of Representatives.

The same reverend divine has been greatly exercised over "the women question" ever since your Convention was held in this Capital, and he has preached on the subject, I believe, every Sunday since that event—his discourses evincing an intensity of virulence and misrepresentation, remarkable even for a sectarian pulpit.

The following paragraphs are specimens of his effort on Sunday last:

The first consequence of the ballot for woman is to strip marriage of all Christian obligations; the second to multiply causes of divorce and render it easy to obtain them; the third to render marriage to a mere arrangement between the parties, enforced like any other business contract; the fourth, which is the final purpose and meaning of the whole, is a temporary association, with no pledges asked or given. Every line of effort converges upon these central ultimate points.

Let us now, if we can endure the disgusting sight, look a moment at the ultimate condition of society as proposed by those who are the leading forces of this crusade against all that is pure and sacred in society, when Christian marriage having been obliterated the only connection remaining will be one where no pledges of any kind shall be asked or given, an association depending simply upon the inclination of the parties. From this scene Christ, the Bible, marriage, wife, family, and home will all have disappeared, and a state of society will appear compared with which Mormonism itself would be a refuge and a security. It would be a carnival of unconstrained passion, battle, and blood. Instead of families and homes, there would be a congregation of men and women at hotels and club-rooms, where instead of the wife would be the mistress of an hour—where reason would be changed in boldness and ambition into men, and man into a ruffian—where wo-

men would be won and guarded with the bowie-knife and revolver, and then cast off and despatched at pleasure.

There! ladies, now we know just what your wicked REVOLUTION is aiming at! There is no use of trying to disguise it any longer, for has not the Reverend Doctor Boynton told us the whole dreadful story? and is he not one of the Lord's anointed?

It is time that simple, unsophisticated or irreverent people may reason, that if woman comes to hold in her hand political or law-making power, she will likely use it to secure for herself and her offspring greater protection than exists under our present masculine legislation. No! it won't be so. On the contrary, woman is such a depraved and reckless creature, that once released from the control of her "divinely appointed head," she will plunge headlong into social ruin, and drag man after her! Let none dare to question this, for heath it not been spoken by the Reverend Doctor Boynton? and is he not anointed of the Lord!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

BY JOHN HOOKER, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant:

In your paper of February 11th, I attempted to answer an inquiry in one of your editorials, as to whether "Woman's Suffrage indispensably involves loose notions of marriage." In your comments upon my article you say that I misapprehended your inquiry, which you proceed to explain.

It is well, on the whole, that I understood and answered it as I did, for the inquiry in that sense is made by many persons, and calls for a public answer. In form of positive assertion, and not of inquiry, it is the staple of the arguments of such opponents of the reform as the Rev. J. D. Fulton, and, as I see by a late number of the Independent, the Rev. William B. Lord, of Montpelier. These gentlemen assert that many of the leading advocates of Woman Suffrage entertain and advocate loose notions of marriage, and claim that, therefore, Woman Suffrage, as a reform, is to be condemned. Mrs. Livermore, I see, meets the charge with a positive denial of the facts; and a trustworthy woman, well acquainted with the leading advocates of the reform, who listened to an address of the Rev. Mr. Fulton, said to the writer that his statements were a tissue of falsehoods. I am charitable enough to think that these gentlemen have brought themselves to believe the substantial truths of what they state, but charity can hardly extend so far as to suppose that men educated as they are, and with some clearness of brain, are not entirely conscious that the supposed facts which they adduce have no logical pertinency to the question discussed.

Your inquiry, as you now explain it, I understand to be this—whether the doctrine that a wife should be made, in all respects, the equal of her husband before the law, tends to the demoralization of the family state. This inquiry is involved in and a part of a larger inquiry which I have often heard made, whether the greater independence of women, growing out of their enlarged industrial and social sphere, giving them the means of self-support and leading to greater self-reliance, a more positive self-assertion, a more thoroughly developed individuality, and a knowledge of larger legal rights, will not lead to looser notions of greater restlessness

under the marriage relation, and to the general injury of the family. I think that a reply to this larger inquiry will answer both your own and the inquiries of many others.

I reply—First, that I think women in this state of things would, as a general rule, be more spirited in asserting their rights against brutal and tyrannical husbands, and that such husbands would have a harder time. Second, that there will be fewer brutal and tyrannical husbands when they come to understand the rights of their wives as sustained by law and public sentiment. Third, that the great majority of marriages will be happier than now, because the husband will find, and will love to find, in the wife a more intelligent and thoroughly equal companion, understanding and sympathizing with him in those things which most interest and occupy his mind. Fourth, that the advantages to children will be immensely greater in the greater intelligence and higher range of thought of the mothers who educate them.

But, Mr. Editor, while I make this reply to the inquiry, I wish to make a comment upon the inquiry itself. That inquiry, especially in its enlarged form, should be addressed, not to the advocates of Woman Suffrage, but to those opponents of Woman Suffrage, who, like the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, are some of the strongest advocates of the enlargement of woman's sphere; and there are very few among the opponents of the Suffrage reform who are not either earnest and cordial advocates of the enlargement of woman's industrial and social sphere, or who do not concede the propriety and necessity of such enlargement. We may, therefore, safely assume it to be a settled thing that by nearly universal consent, women will be freely admitted into and enter upon all those industrial occupations that upon thorough experiment they shall find themselves adapted to, and for which they can qualify themselves.

The cases where married women will seek or take offices, the exercise of which will interfere with their home duties, will be very few. A woman's first affections will always be for her home and her children, and we may safely trust her, especially with her higher intelligence and range of thought, to be true to herself and her womanhood.

The writer has been a voter for thirty years; but the time which has been required of him to deposit his ballot or to attend to the demands of any public office, would bear no comparison with the demands made upon the time of our best women by the calls either of religion or philanthropy or ordinary social visitation, and any woman could have done all politically that he has done without any neglect whatever of her home duties; and yet the life of the writer has been one of an intense interest and somewhat active participation in the reformatory politics of his time. A woman who should practice medicine or go into trade, or devote herself to literature or art would be withdrawn from her family duties a hundred times more than the writer has ever been by any of his political duties. The state of things which Dr. Bushnell recommends, in which women shall be actively engaged in the larger industrial pursuits of life, but shall yet be denied the ballot, is very neatly presented by a paragraph in the *Nation*, contained in a review of his book against Woman Suffrage. The *Nation* says:

He (Dr. B.) thinks all legal restrictions to their entrance into the various trades and professions should be removed. . . . They would become clerks, book-keepers,

and the like; and are long managers of hotels, bank-tellers, brokers, actuaries of insurance companies, private bankers, type-setters and overseers of printers. In all these positions, Dr. Bushnell not only expects but desires to see them. . . . Having thus pointed out the places in society which women properly may and probably will fill, Dr. Bushnell proceeds to give his reasons why she should not have the ballot. It must be remembered that the class of persons to whom he is denying any share in forming the laws under which they live may be, according to his own admission, composed largely of lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers, brokers, actuaries, book-keepers, teachers, professors, hotel-keepers, printers. It is a class, in short, which might do the whole mental work in a thriving town, take charge of its health, its morals, its religion, its banks, schools, charities, insurance companies, and the most important portion of its legal business. Nevertheless, in such a town Dr. Bushnell would allow nobody to vote but the male laborers and mechanics, the judges and not *pro* lawyers. The banker's porter who swept the bank might vote, but the banker could not. The actuary's gardener might vote, but the actuary could not, the hotel waiter might, but the hotel keeper not, the hodmen engaged in building the brokers' house might, but the broker not.

I cannot well conceive how a more perfect *reductio ad absurdum* can be stated than is presented here. I cite the passage, however, not as an argument in favor of Woman Suffrage (I am not upon that point now), but to show that any inquiry as to the effect of this enlarged condition of woman upon the marriage relation is one that should be addressed to and answered by the opponents of Woman's Suffrage who advocated this enlargement of woman's sphere, and should not be addressed to distinctive advocates of Woman Suffrage, who go only a very short step beyond.

I wish to say, however, as an advocate of Woman Suffrage, that, so far from the addition of suffrage to the conceded extension of woman's privileges proving an additional evil or an aggravation of whatever is evil in the latter, I am sure it will prove, in every respect, a benefit, and will become essential to the best good of women in their enlarged sphere.

Take the case as put by the *Nation*. Suppose our city contains a large number of women who are actively engaged in the same business pursuits with men. If, in this state of things, with their large business interests to be seriously affected by taxation and by the financial and political policy of the country, they can have no voice whatever in determining what that taxation shall be, or how the money raised by it shall be applied, or what the public policy shall be, we shall have an intelligent class of people living under a perpetual sense of injustice and with a denial to them of the fundamental principles of the government. If any one can suppose that this is a better state of things than to give them the right to vote, he is running counter to all our national experience and progress of opinion.

Further than this, there is a most important consideration affecting the question that can hardly be exaggerated. We are told by those who oppose Woman Suffrage that women have great power now and can influence our elections and legislation, and it will be said that that influence will be all the greater when they come to represent business and capital and political intelligence, and that they ought to be satisfied with this influence. Would you be satisfied, Mr. Editor, if such an influence was all the part you could have in the public interests? I should not. Suppose it be so, that women wield so great an influence: it is yet an irresponsible, and therefore a dangerous influence. Wherever power exists, it is the dictate of the highest statesmanship to make it open and responsible. No point in the philosophy of politics can be

clearer than this. One of the earliest conventions in favor of Woman Suffrage, held at Worcester, Mass., in the year 1851, showed the presence and wisdom of the early movers in this reform by adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, That so far from denying the social and civil influence of women, we are fully aware of its vast extent—aware, with Demosthenes, that "measure which the statesman has meditated a whole year is overturned in a day by a woman;" and for this very reason we proclaim it the very highest expediency to endow her with full civil rights, since only then will she exercise this mighty influence under a just sense of her duty and responsibility; the history of all ages bearing witness that the only safe course for nations is to add open responsibility wherever there already exists secret power.

I cannot see how this point can be more clearly presented than by this resolution, and it lies at the foundation of the Woman Suffrage movement.

It may be said that the harmony of a family may be affected by the husband and wife taking different sides in politics, if she is allowed to vote. I reply: 1. That a common argument against Woman Suffrage is, that the wives would always vote just as their husbands do, and nothing would be gained. Those who make this claim cannot well urge the objection suggested. I think, however, that this would not be so. A drunkard's wife will most surely vote for temperance; and the majority of women for virtue and morality. 2. If husband and wife disagree in their political views, they will discuss them, and the result will surely be, either an agreement in the right or a rounding off of those corners of partisan bigotry and hate which are the curse of our politics, and the children will be less likely to grow up bigots and political actors. 3. If they disagree irreconcilably and even with some ill feeling, it is far better that the wife's disapproval of her husband's politics should have vent by a vote than that it be expended at home, especially if she is to have the added exasperation of being told that she is "represented" by her husband at the polls.

Who LUTHER?—"If a woman wants to chop wood, why let her."—Horace Greeley.

Already comments upon this text have appeared in your paper, on reading which,—this question suggested itself: Who, or what is to let her?

Is it the laws of the land? Is it public opinion? Is it woman's husband as her nearest male relative? or is it Horace Greeley? Perhaps he'd be glad of the chance. I hope he will be gallant enough to turn round and wash the dishes.

There is a great deal implied in the giving of the gracious permission. When a woman chops wood, she does it of her own free will, and nobody lets or hinders, most especially no one hinders. Women that labor don't generally experience any difficulty of that kind, nobody hinders them from doing all that they possibly can and that of the hardest kind of work, too. Women already have such liberties. If Horace Greeley imagines that he can grant even this questionable privilege, he is mistaken. I don't believe it is possible for him even to grant to Mrs. Greeley the privilege of chopping wood; she would very likely find a substitute, as some of the men did when military duty was permitted. It would no doubt be very flattering to his vanity if he really had the power to let women chop wood; but then he hasn't, you see.

Mrs. H. S. Brooks, Chicago

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLIX.

MANCHESTER, February, 1870.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROGRAMME.

THE work before our Legislature this year comprises some very important measures, and the session is likely to be a busy and eventful one.

The Irish Land bill comes first. It is an excellent one and meets with general approval. It was introduced a few days ago by Mr. Gladstone in an able and elaborate speech occupying eight or ten columns of the *Times*. The National Education bill was introduced last night by Mr. Forster, and met with a favorable reception in its first stage. The discussion of these two measures is to be resumed on the 7th and 14th of March respectively. A bill to revise the Licensing System for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and many other important laws, are in prospect. Mr. Russell Gurney has given notice of his bill to amend the law with regard to the property and earnings of Married Women, and as a rival bill, less effectual in its character, is proposed, there will, no doubt, be difficulty in carrying this much-needed reform.

THE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN.

Mr. Jacob Bright, on the 16th instant, obtained leave to bring in a bill to "Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women," which was read for the first time.

THE WOMAN FRANCHISE.—Mr. Jacob Bright's bill to remove the electoral disabilities of women contains only one clause, which is—

"That in all acts relating to the qualification and registration of voters or persons entitled or claiming to be registered and to vote in the election of members of Parliament, wherever words occur which import the masculine gender, the same shall be held to include females for all purposes connected with and having reference to the right to be registered as voters, and to vote in such election, any law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

The second reading of the bill was fixed for the 4th of May. We propose, in the meantime, to procure as many petitions as possible in support of "our bill." A large number of petitions, bearing from three to four thousand names, have already been sent in. The London Committee reports fifty-one petitions in course of signature. The Manchester Committee has already thirty-one petitions being signed. Bristol, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and other places are equally active. The success of the Municipal Suffrage bill has produced a very good effect in convincing many of our precedent-loving M.P.'s of the reasonableness of this extension of the political franchise. Since the circulation of our Report, several leading articles, in *Tory* as well as in *Liberal* papers, have advocated the cause.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has come out in opposition to our bill, and you may judge of the weakness of its argument by the two principal points. First, the subservience of women to the clergy which will strengthen the conservative influence. Secondly, that political excitement would injure the health of women, and the writer appeals to the judgment of medical men to avert this danger!

With regard to the probability that women will strengthen the *Tory* party, Sir John Coleridge made some pertinent remarks lately:

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL ON WOMEN'S FRANCHISE.

Sir John D. Coleridge, addressing his commitments at Exeter, with reference to this subject, said:

They tell me, especially in Exeter, that all the women

are *Tories*. (Loud laughter.) Well, gentlemen, God bless 'em; they are such good souls that they may be anything they like for what I care. (Renewed laughter.) They are the great humanists of life, and if they are *Tories* now, I am sure it is only owing to their slightly imperfect education. But, whether they be *Tories* or not, right is right—(cheers)—and if they ought to have this franchise, and ought to have these rights conceded to them, it is not because they make a use of them which you or I may think wrong, but what they have a right to should be withheld from them. True Liberalism, gentlemen, consists in this—in trusting to your principles, in looking beyond the use that may be made of this or that right by a particular man, and in seeing whether it is fair and just he should have the right, and if it is, in giving it to him, whatever use he thinks fit to make of it. I, for one, have that personal confidence in the truth and in the justice of Liberal principles that I am content, where a thing is shown to be right, to give it up, although for a particular moment it may chance to be used against me and bring about the defeat of this or that man, which, of course, for the moment I should regret. (Cheers.)

THE PUBLIC DUTY WHICH NOW LIES NEAREST TO THE WOMEN OF THIS REALM.

I should not rightly represent to you this work which engages the women of this country at present did I not refer to the agitation for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts. From day to day this work increases, and fresh strength of purpose gathers round it. The moral sense of the nation has to be aroused, and it becomes more and more evident that, though men may discuss this question, women must decide it.

In sixty-eight towns of Great Britain and Ireland women are now actively employed in spreading information and getting up petitions to Parliament. Bristol has taken the lead in this work. Five petitions, with a thousand signatures to each, have gone up from that city and from Clifton, and others are in progress. Liverpool, Leeds, Bath, Birmingham, Nottingham, Manchester, Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Belfast, and many other places will follow in due course. In Edinburgh, at the last Committee meeting, some fifty or sixty ladies assembled, and much warm interest was expressed. "Bible-women" and city missionaries are employed to collect signatures to the petitions, and in doing so explain the nature of the acts to the people by means of the pamphlets and handbills of the Association. The churches are getting under weigh. The Free Presbytery of Aberdeen has passed some excellent resolutions and has petitioned against the act. Miss Mary Barton, the lady who defended her case before the Sheriff in the suffrage claim, has led the way in this good work also, in Aberdeen.

THE CONVERSION OF DOCTORS.

In a former letter I mentioned the conversion of a dignitary of the Church to the moral side of this question. I have now to record the conversion of some of our medical dignitaries. Sir James Simpson, M.D., well known for his speciality "diseases peculiar to women," encourages our Edinburgh friends to work on firmly for the repeal of this act for "nursing immorality." I use the phrase of a younger physician. I call this a conversion because the name of Sir James Simpson, M.D., appeared some time ago as Vice-President of the Association in favor of the act!

Here is the testimony of another physician:

TO THE LADIES' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE REPEAL OF THE CONTAGIOUS DISEASES ACT.

LADIES: I am a physician, and so belong to a profession which, I grieve to say, has deeply wronged your sex by the part it has played in that smuggling transaction that culminated in the Contagious Diseases Act. To you, therefore, I owe my protest against it.

But another reason there is for my addressing you. I am one of those who have been disposed to welcome the admission of women to the ranks of our profession—to practice that part of it which I think is fully theirs. Have I, however, been right in this? I ask this because a medical lady has been recently writing in favor of an act which I, as a man, and so infinitely vile, that now I can hardly help asking myself the question—whether the practice of our profession may not tend to crush the finer instincts of the woman; whether it may not deaden that nice sense that makes her intentions more trustworthy than man's inductions ever are; whether, in short, it may not possibly make her less a woman. If so, I thank God there are so few of you amongst us.

Another reason why I write to you is this. Because it is to you, the women of England, that we must look for the abolition of this ghastly act, for our coming salvation from hideous sin and shame. Journalists, supposed to have our liberties in trust and to be the advocates of justice and of truth, will only hear one side of the question, and that side is not yours! Clergymen who ought to be the guardians of our morals, are wrangling and jangling with each other about straw-elegant over "tithes of mint and cummin," but neglecting the "weightier matters of the law"—shall I add of that so chaste and distinctly enacted? The Medical mind—the Medical mind—that can no more judge of this great question than a mouse can judge of the position of an elephant, as Burke said of the *Nisi Prius* lawyer in regard to a great constitutional one—is enlisted in the course of Medicine versus Morals, though Medicine, even if it gain the day, is sure to suffer defeat, for the act is so stupidly inexpedient, even as regards the prevention of disease, as it is odiously cruel and unjust. I know something of the operation of such an act in France! But let any really honest mind that would form a right conclusion on this subject only read the exhaustive article thereon in this month's *Westminster Review*. After that, there is little need for me to add to the papers and pamphlets that have been already published. The object should be to disseminate these throughout the length and breadth of the land. Only let the subject be well ventilated, and there will be righteous men enough, as well as women, to be found to save us from the fate of Rodom and Gomorrah, which we shall do our best or worst to merit, if we consent to live under a law that panders to all that is vilest in our nature! In the name of GOD I protest against it.

As a MAN—and as shocking all my notions of real manhood—because it is made by men for men and against their wretched victims, women, on whose behalf it should interpose to shield and not to outrage.

As an ENGLISHMAN—because I love liberty too well to rob an Englishwoman of her rights, and least of all that sacred one over her own person, which she so sorely forfeits by prostitution (she is too often forced upon her); that the high-phoned libertine forfeits his by delinquency that comes of his own seeking; and because of two consenting parties to an act, it brands the weaker one with lasting infamy, and gives to the other, who triumphs in his strength, a "ticket-of-leave" to traffic in debauchery without any fear or shame.

As a PHYSICIAN—because it is inexpedient, because it is only whitening the sepulchre, because reliable statistics prove that the remedy is worse than the disease, which grossly exaggerated for a purpose, it increased amongst the laudates of vice, is largely increased amongst the unwholesome by that clandestine prostitution which in every way it promotes, and because I know, as Physicians ought to know, that physical evils result from moral causes, for which this act can never be the cure; and, lastly,

As a CHRISTIAN—because it is opposed to the whole spirit of Christ, who teaches the poor harlot to "go and sin no more," and tells us that even such as she shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven before her Pharisaical oppressors who would give the right of staining her to those who so very far from being "without sin," would sin not only with her but against her!

I am, ladies, your obedient servant.

E. ARTHUR.

8, Regency Square, Brighton.

January, 1870.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LIFE LEGALLY SECURED IN INDIA.

It is said that human nature, in every stage of development, subsequent to the discovery of the use of fire, is represented in actual human life upon the earth at this present time. The same may be said, in like general terms, of the development of that advance which is regarded as contemporaneous with the moral, intellectual,

and spiritual progress of mankind. I mean the advance in the position of women to a perfect equality with men, "admitting no power or privilege on the one side, nor disability on the other." While we in England, and you in America, are putting in our claims for a recognized political existence, and have at least obtained a hearing from our respective governments which, from their own standards of justice and maxims of law, must result in the legal acknowledgment of those rights, our sisters of the same Aryan race in India are only now being secured the right to life itself. The superior value of men in warlike communities, the artificial difficulties thrown in the way of self-support by women among the poorer classes in that country, and the dower and other expenses prescribed by custom upon parents, at the marriage of their daughters, have conspired for ages in procuring the destruction, at birth, of female infants. But the cry of "Rachel weeping for her children" has at length been heard in India, and the voice of right and justice has gone forth and has found a ready response from the people, even in that land of caste and irrevocable custom.

A bill is now before the Council in Calcutta to deal with infanticide. "We shall deal with the crime," says the government, "as we have dealt with Sutte." "The marvel is," remarks the Bombay paper, "that this resolution was not taken twenty or thirty years ago." In certain communities of Rajpoots the crime is practiced as a tradition. It was said years ago that interference would be dangerous, and that the secrecy observed allows of no remedy. The majority of natives, however, and of Rajpoots, too, would be glad to see the horrible custom eradicated. The Maharajah of Jeypore, a Rajpoot of Rajpoots, was one of those whom Mr. Strachy, the English official, addressed in introducing the bill, and it has his warm support. Experience has already shown that European influence can accomplish much good. Half a dozen convictions would undoubtedly produce marked effect; and, as law is the great teacher of morals, this effect will be continuous, and must prevail in the end. In eight years the number of girls in certain Rajpoot villages in the Banarès district had risen from ten to above 250. The district officer, Nairaj, brought all his influence and persuasion to bear on the people. Mr. Strachy quotes the astounding statement that in one community of ten thousand, not one girl was to be found! It is scarcely more astonishing that our government is only now about to adopt special measures for the suppression of infanticide.

There is another evidence of progress in India in the fact that the School of Midwifery in Calcutta, for native women, has proved successful. The destructive custom of child marriage has been broken through, and instances like the following are not very numerous:

A BRAHMIN MARRIAGE.—A correspondent of the *Hindoo Patriot* describes the marriage in Calcutta, for the first time, of a Hindoo schoolmaster, twenty-six years of age, and "a highly intelligent, educated, and accomplished girl of eighteen," as a striking protest against the pernicious custom of early marriage. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen performed the ceremony according to Brahmin ritual, but the bridegroom and the bride were dressed in orthodox garb, and bedecked with chandan (sandal powder). The orthodox matchmaker was also observed, and the visitors were honored with the customary garlands. There was no ladies' ceremony, as on occasions of orthodox marriages. There was no *sanskrit* prison, no hot nor bar, though there was a *purdah*, which was afterwards removed. The many Brahmins present were accompanied by their wives, and several Christian converts and their wives were present.

A marriage feast followed. The writer describes it as "interesting to see the advanced Brahmo, the native convert, and the England returned Bengalee, with the nuptial garlands round their necks, partake of it with becoming merriment and joy."

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

We are looking forward with much interest to the approaching visit of the great Hindoo Reformer, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, who, by genuine apostolic succession, is pursuing the great work begun by the Rajah Rammohun Roy fifty years ago. In this month's *Contemporary Review* an article from the pen of Miss Sophia Dobson Collett, entitled "Indian Theism and its Relation to Christianity," gives a very good sketch of the origin and objects of the "Brahma Somaj," or Church of the One God. This church was established by Rammohun Roy in 1830. He was a man greatly before his age, of whom it has been well said that "in the land of his birth he arose like a solitary star in a night of darkness, and in spite of great opposition and persecution gave a death blow to idolatry and superstition in India. He came to England for sympathy and assistance in his work, and as is well known, died of fever in Bristol in 1833. From that time till 1847 the Brahmo Somaj made but little progress, for, though its doctrines were intellectually accepted by the highest minds in the community, they were not followed out consistently in the lives of its members who still adhered to the degrading and idolatrous usages of the Hindoo worship. In 1859 we learn that "Keshub Chunder Sen, an enthusiastic youth of more than ordinary ability, joined the Brahma Somaj, and by his devoted and untiring zeal and energy gained for a time a great ascendancy. He advocated the consistent carrying out of many religious reforms which the Brahmos had long been discussing. He induced Debendro Nath Tagore to perform the marriage ceremony of his daughter without any of the idolatrous rites usual on such occasions, and introduced similar changes into the rites observed at child-birth and death. He then urged the adoption of another step for abolishing caste distinctions, viz., that those who would conduct divine service in the Calcutta, Bahmo Somaj should throw off the sacred thread which distinguishes the Brahmins from the Sudra. But here Debendro Nath Tagore, who was one of the leaders of the church, stopped short. He could not resign the sacred thread, following in this respect his venerated predecessor, Rammohun Roy, who retained this sign of his Brahminical caste to his dying hour."

In November, 1868, Keshub Chunder Sen formed a new Society called the "Brahmo Somaj of India," with a view to make it the centre of all the Somajes of the country. Under the inspiration of their new leader a nobler tide of religious life has burst the banks of caste and custom, and we may hope that its successive waves, like the fertilizing floods of their own great rivers, will bear the bread of life to millions yet unborn, in the vast populations, Asiatic and European, of our Indian Empire.

THE BRAHMICA LADIES.

With respect to the condition of women in India, Miss Mary Carpenter will, there is abundant evidence, find active fellow-workers in the Brahmos. They have made a beginning of improvement by encouraging female education, discouraging child-marriages, and seeking to associate the sexes in a common faith and worship. Already many Brahmo ladies contribute excellent articles, and sometimes char-

ing verses, to the vernacular papers, and others give regular teaching to adult classes of their own sex.

WYOMING FOR EVER!

The brave territory which has been the first to proclaim universal suffrage deserves to have its name re-echoed as a gathering cry in the warfare for Equal Rights. The extension of the Suffrage to women in the territory of Wyoming is mentioned in our papers to-day in connection with the ratification of negro suffrage, and must be regarded as a necessary sequence to that amendment. Wishing you good-speed to this issue, I am, very truly, yours.

REBECCA MOORE.

NEW YORK WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The Young Men's Christian Association Hall is seldom filled to a better purpose than on Wednesday evening of last week, at the anniversary exercises of the New York Medical College for Women. And what contributed much to the interest of the occasion was that not only had a young colored girl been permitted to pursue a regular and honorable course of medical studies, but had so acquitted herself as to be elected to deliver the valedictory address, a choice that reflected quite as much honor on her classmates as herself. The graduating class numbered only five this year, but some of them have achieved a success as students which is the best possible guarantee of still higher distinctions in the practice of the profession. Rev. Mr. Russell, of Brooklyn, delivered a very able address, demanding for woman all the rights of man, as well in political as professional life. The Dean of the College, Mrs. Dr. Lozier, made her report, paying a high tribute to the worth of her daughter-in-law, the late Dr. Charlotte Denman Lozier, a professor in the college at the time of her death.

The Valedictory was given by Dr. Susan M. Smith, and was received with much applause, and at the close the young orator was treated to a shower of beautiful bouquets. She is a native and resident of Brooklyn, was for a few years a teacher, a part of the time among the Freedmen in Washington, an organizer for one of the Brooklyn churches; until, in 1867, she was enabled to enter on the study of medicine, to which course she was encouraged by her friends, who now have good reason to rejoice with her over the brilliant success she has achieved. The degree of Doctor of Medicine was then conferred by the presiding officer, Prof. Ben. M. Martin, D.D., of the New York University, on the following named graduates:

Mrs. M. A. R. Gilbert of Connecticut, Mrs. Elmira Y. Howard of Ohio, Miss Susan F. Smith (colored) of Brooklyn, Miss Mary Everett and Miss Sarah E. de Hart, New Jersey. Two members of this class are shortly to sail as missionaries to Japan.

The spring term of the college will commence early in April.

I am highly gratified with the late demonstration in the Senate, on the question of female suffrage. Do you not admire the speech of Senator Brown? [Hon. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri.] He takes the ground that I have ever, that the right of suffrage and representation is a natural right, and not a privilege.—Hon. George W. Julian, Member of Congress, Indiana.

I shall return to Kansas in time to do what I can to get a favorable vote for the two propositions sub-mitted to our people. Suffrage for women and people of color.—Senator Foster W. Evans.

The Revolution.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1870.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION—CHANGE OF PLACE AND TIME.—COLORPHOBIA CHRONIC AND INCURABLE.

ON the Seventeenth day of February THE REVOLUTION announced the first anniversary of the National Woman Suffrage Association to be held in Irving Hall in this city on the 11th, 12th and 13th of May. The call has so stood in its pages since. Circumstances, however, have compelled a change; a change both of place and time. In a letter received last week all the way from New England it was asked: "how can your society consent to hold its anniversary in a hall that shuts its doors against large numbers of your own members and friends, on account of their color?" The question seemed preposterous. No one present at the moment had ever heard that such proscription still prevailed. Nor did pretty extensive enquiry reveal it until at last, to make the matter certain, I went myself to the Hall. Two colored men were at work in it, cleaning and sweeping, (it seems they may do that), when I entered. I asked them the question, and they said they thought no such rule existed, but one of them said he would take me to the proprietor, who was a gentleman, and he thought would treat the Convention fairly and honorably. The proprietor was in his office writing. I told him my object in calling, and asked him if it was true that colored persons were not permitted to sit as members of a convention in his Hall. He assured me that such was the invariable rule. I told him that the Woman's Rights Association had colored members, both men and women; that some of them were most eminent speakers and officers, and must sit on the platform. The answer to that was, "O no, you could not have it for such a meeting, if you would pay five thousand dollars for it." "Why," the gentleman added, "I might as well give you the house and done with it." My only response was, very well; you have a legal right to make your own rules, but not for five hundred thousand dollars would the society occupy the Hall under those conditions. So the contract was erased from the books, and the interview, which was perfectly friendly and pleasant on all sides, ended. What bird of good or evil omen caused

the story almost to the White Mountains to be returned to New York just in time to prevent a most serious embarrassment, I do not know. Though in no way responsible for the Convention, I would write him notes of thanks with every quill in his wings, would he but shed them at my feet.

Cooper Institute, Steinway Hall, the Academy of Music and many of the most popular churches in the city (perhaps all) have often been occupied by colored persons. Why color phobia should have become chronic and past hope of cure at Irving Hall is a problem for those Bellevue Hospital and Philadelphia Medical students to solve, who persist even unto this day to riotously insult and outrage young women who are quietly pursuing medical studies with a view to an honest living and to benefit and bless their sex and race.

Compelled thus to change the place, it has been deemed advisable to change the time of anniversary also. Two or three weeks after the announcement of the National Woman Suffrage Association in Irving Hall, the American Society, located in Boston, probably not seeing and not aware of such announcement, advertised a Mass Meeting to be held at precisely the same hour in Steinway Hall, a few minutes walk only from Irving.

Not needlessly and unnecessarily to interfere with that Mass Meeting, the National Association will meet at COOPER INSTITUTE ON TUESDAY MORNING, THE 10TH DAY OF MAY NEXT, AT TEN O'CLOCK, when the new Senator in Congress from Mississippi, the Ambassadors from Hayti, Liberia, or any governments of colored populations now represented at Washington, with their families, and all other persons, irrespective of race, will be most cordially permitted to sit in the Convention and to participate also in its proceedings.

The following are among the speakers already secured for the occasion. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Hon. S. E. Pomeroy; Rev. Olympia Brown, Ct. E. H. Heywood and Jennie Collins, Mass.; M. Adele Hazlitt, Mich.; Mrs. Frances Minor and Phoebe Cozzens, Mo.; His Ex. Gov. McCook, Colorado; Hon. Henry B. Stanton, Theodore Tilton and Susan B. Anthony. The names of other distinguished speakers will be announced as fast as their answers are received.

MRS. STANTON FOR "THE HUB."—The following comes from Boston, dated 20th March:

But the matter for which I especially picked up my pen at this time, is to enquire if there is any way for us to get a lecture in Boston from Mrs. Stanton? There were a good many in my latitude who felt outraged at the treatment she received when attending the Suffrage Convention in January. We felt it a great shame and disappointment that she was not called to the platform to speak. I smiled as lustily as I was able for her at the close of Phillips's speech—but it was very apparent that he and others were determined she should not be heard.

Now, if there is any practicable course by which

Boston can hear her, please name it, and we will see what can be done. If she can give us a lecture during the coming month I and I know many others, would be highly gratified.

MR. BEECHER TO THE RESCUE!

We see the Boston ladies have, by some mistake, called a Suffrage Convention in New York, in May, on the same days on which the "National Woman's Suffrage Association" holds its annual meeting. Had they been faithful readers of THE REVOLUTION they would have seen the Call issued four weeks ago, long before they moved in the matter. We would ask the attention of the president and other officers of this association to this grave blunder.

As the leaders of the movement in Boston will not affiliate with the ladies in New York, there seems no way these coming conventions can be lovingly united into one. Hence, we appeal to the judgment of a candid world, if it would not be better for those Boston ladies to hold theirs at the Hub, and thus agitate two cities at the same time, instead of convulsing one city with two conventions. Think of the perplexed condition of our reporters and journals, compelled to make historical records of the same thing twice done on the same days! think of the bewilderment of the sage of Brooklyn, pledged to genera. both divisions of the grand Suffrage army, compelled to address his forces at two different points in the self same hour! think of the fear and trembling of all the innocent white moles of the Empire State thus doubly bombarded in the very heart of the metropolis! think of that long line of Boston journalists sitting at home, pen in hand, with nothing to do! think, too, of the danger of Susan B. Anthony walking into the Boston convention and seating herself on a bench beside Julia Ward Howe, or Mary A. Livermore, and frightening these distinguished ladies away! think of all these things, and as many more as your superior intelligence will suggest, and prither, dear ladies, change the time or place of your convention, or better still lay aside all personalities and uncharitableness, and come to our platform in Cooper Institute, where we will forget ourselves in the great work which we all have equally at heart. The importance of our cause and our own personal dignity forbid that we should repeat the fate of two conventions performed in the city of Chicago one year ago.

AN OLIVE BRANCH

THE editor of the N. Y. Independent has kindly forwarded to this office in advance, some proof slips of an article which will appear in that journal the present week. "The Emancipation of Woman" is the title but not the subject treated. Readers of THE REVOLUTION were informed last week that a Conference was proposed under direction of Theodore Tilton and others, to reconcile, if possible, the differences existing between the two National Woman Suffrage Associations. The effort is no doubt well intended, but such a want of just discrimination as it evinces is almost as deplorable as the division it seeks to heal. Why the factious and abusive parties with whom the Cleveland Convention originated and who have formed a rival and hostile movement, and by every false, slanderous, and abusive epithet and intemperance possible against the leaders of the National Woman Suffrage Association, and of the cause of woman in the country generally.

have done their best and worst to destroy their influence, and the Association and cause they represent; why these and the like of these should now be invited in such homed phrase to meet those noble veterans who never yet for one moment swerved from the straightest, strictest line of duty and fidelity to their principles, and least of all, to hinder, or injure other faithful workers in the same holy cause, is one of those problems which abound in the nineteenth-century, but which all the growing wisdom of the twentieth will never solve.

The article sent from the *Independent* says truly:

Last May, when the Fifteenth Amendment had secured, or was about to secure, the final victory of one-half of this proposition—leaving the negro in possession of his rights, and diverting the remainder of the battle more exclusively in behalf of woman—the National Woman's Suffrage Association was organized; of which Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton (one of the ablest of American women) became the brilliant president, having for a coadjutor Miss Susan B. Anthony, the maiden mother of many a philanthropic enterprise, the indefatigable day and night worker in the good cause, and altogether the most valuable "rough diamond" of our time.

What need of another National Association, they with one so well born and so eminently officered and led? The *Independent* does not pretend that is was needed. A Western organization might have been desirable, so large is the country; but it need not, should not, have been hostile to the National; still less, bitter as wormwood and gall towards the National, as some of its leaders (not all) actually are, and have been from its beginning and long before.

The *Independent* admits the hostility, for it says:

Practically there are two national organizations for Woman's Suffrage: Mrs. Stanton's and Mr. Beecher's—or, to speak more accurately, Miss Anthony's and Mrs. Stone's; two rival and separate societies, which, in our opinion, would quadruple their usefulness if they could be harmoniously combined into one.

They are indeed two rival societies, and so were the North and the South after the ordinance of secession was adopted at Charleston, the *Cleveland* of the rebellion; but it need not be asked whose is the fault! And so little have the leaders in the National Association heeded, or harmed, or sought to harm the *Cleveland* "rival," that THE REVOLUTION has been constantly under severe censure from its readers and friends because it would not contend with them, nor even expose the mischief they are doing, or endeavoring to do. But both proprietor, editor and all hands have been, still are and will continue to be too busy at their work in the whitened harvest field, to heed the harmless though hostile taunts, reproaches, threats, or slanders of a very few passers-by.

For after all, such are but few, as is already well proved by this very effort of Mr. Tilton, who, in the article in question, inserts the names and extracts from their letters, of large numbers of persons, friends and members of both organizations, beginning with Mrs. Lucretia Mott, every word of whose letter is what would have been expected by all who know her. And nearly every writer favors, hopes and prays earnestly for a restoration of harmony and the most friendly co-operation among all the hearty supporters of woman's enfranchisement. And none, surely, can more earnestly desire it than the officers and members of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

Want of space prevents giving the names of those who have sent letters of approval of the objects of the proposed conference on the sixth of April. They begin with John Neal of Maine, and from the Woman's Suffrage Society in Con-

cord, N. H. (auxiliary to Boston), come the names of Eliza A. Morrill, Vice-President; Elizabeth C. Lovering, Secretary; Sarah Hall Pillsbury, Louisa M. Wood, Executive Committee; and a great many others from the Granite State. Charles W. Slack, Esq., Editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*; James Redpath and Wm. S. Robinson of Boston, the "War-rington" of the Springfield *Republican*; Samuel Bowles, editor and proprietor of the same paper, and hosts more from Massachusetts, and westward to beyond the Mississippi River, the cry swells up from society as well as individual, like the voice of many waters, demanding as well as praying that there may be peace.

And what shall or can prevent it? The *Independent* says:

Probably nine-tenths—yes, nineteen twentieths—of the members of each of these organizations would rejoice to find themselves united with a similar great majority of the opposite wing. The only shadow on the fair hopes of some of those most anxious to see this union effected is, as one of them expresses it, "the impossibility of reconciling three or four of the prominent leaders on both sides."

I am not a member of any committee and hold no office in any association whatsoever, and can have no interest but for fairness, truth and justice; and the editor and proprietor of THE REVOLUTION are both a thousand miles almost from home. But in their behalf, and for the sake of fairness, truth and justice, I dare be sworn that none more earnestly desire, pray and labor for peace and union, none will sacrifice more personal feeling, preference or prejudice, over-looking and forgetting all the past, than the editor and proprietor of THE REVOLUTION. Whoever may be of "the three or four prominent leaders on both sides," who are incorrigible or irreconcilable, I know they are not in any way identified with THE REVOLUTION, nor do I believe that number can possibly be found on the side they represent.

SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA.—The legislature seemed to think it a good joke only when the subject of Woman Suffrage was first brought to its notice, not more than a month ago. Not even when more than three thousand petitioners demanded it, were Senators at first disposed to be decently serious about it. A more sober second thought finally prevailed, and the petitions were referred to a select committee. A hearing was granted on the evening of the ninth instant. Three ladies appeared in behalf of the petitioners; Mrs. C. H. Sycar, Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon and Mrs. Laura C. Smith. A report says the ladies came, and with them a host of other ladies and gentlemen who filled the floor of the Senate, the lobbies and the galleries. The addresses were listened to eagerly and respectfully, and the applause at the conclusion of each of the speeches was hearty and general. When the long and loud applause which greeted the close of the last address had subsided the committee adjourned, and many of the Senators and others present, stepped forward and heartily congratulated the lady speakers upon the able and effective manner in which they had made and presented their arguments, and stated their cause.

HYPOCRISY.—A writer in the *Smyrna* (Del.) *Herald*, signing "A Young Woman," has a long column of most frantic, frightful ob-jurgations against extending to woman her natural and inalienable rights. Such as these for instance:

To extend to the female sex the right of the elective

franchise, is to offer every true woman of the land a gross insult, and one which cannot be too severely censured by the press and all morally inclined persons. I shall venture to say that the instigators and followers of the evil are men and women whose sensuality has debased and perverted their minds and finer feelings to such a degree that the genuine "free love" system has become to them a necessity to sustain and appease their appetites for the basest character of corruption. The day that shall give birth to the unshallowed monster, Woman Suffrage, on this continent, on that day falls the last bright hope of a once independent and virtuous people. For then will fall the mantle of virtue, and the veil of corruption will darken every home—desecrate every sacred hearth-stone of our land.

As Woman Suffrage is as sure to come as time is to continue, to what possible earthly refuge can this poor "Young Woman" be recommended? If she ascend up into heaven, equality is surely there, in full fruition! Will she "make her bed" in the other place?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

MINNEAPOLIS, March 22d, 1867.

DEAR REVOLUTION I wrote you last from Peoria, where I left Miss Anthony to attend a county convention coming off next day. From the reports they must have had a real revival, 600 joining the Association the first session. At Janesville, Wisconsin, I found another convention going on. People there from ten and twenty miles around, all indignant at the trifling way in which their representatives had disposed of the question of Woman's Suffrage at the Capitol. These witty gentlemen had better take heed, as their needs and deeds will all be remembered in the good time coming, when women's votes will make and remake representatives. Several of the leading lawyers and clergymen took part in the convention. Mrs. Gurnsey read a beautiful poem, and Miss Lillie Peckham and J. T. Dow seemed to be the moving spirits. Having one spare evening, some of the Milton friends insisted on a meeting there, so, with one day's notice, I had a packed house, in the evening. Mr. Ezra Goodrich, who declares that he is opposed to Woman's Suffrage, was the main-spoke in the wheel at Milton. He escorted me to and from the cars, entertained me at his house, introduced me to the audience, and paid me for my services. Such opposers will do us no harm.

From Milton to Decorah, Iowa, where I found a Methodist clergyman "not quite prepared for Woman's Suffrage," and a member of the legislature who moved to refer the Woman's Suffrage question to the committee "for the suppression of intemperance." Happy thought! There is no shorter way of suppressing it, than by referring it to women with the ballot in her hand. I wonder if the member saw the wisdom of his own motion. Decorah was all agog with a recent speech in the Town Hall, and an attempt to vote by Delilah Reid, a poor uneducated washerwoman, a widow with several children. Indignant at her many wrongs, she actually called the people together, and addressed them, and it is said did remarkably well, all things considered. I had the pleasure of meeting her—an earnest, common sense woman. Decorah is beautifully situated, with hills and trees all round it, something like Ithaca, N. Y. It is such a relief to the eye to see some hilly broken country after days of flat, bare prairie, that this little town, though buried in snow, looked charmingly. Coming hither, among other things, I read the *Chicago Evening Post*, and was attracted to an article headed, "The Sixteenth Amendment." I supposed, of course,

that Mr. Julian had made another move. Imagine, then, my astonishment to find that all the men in the country did not know that the next amendment in order was the enfranchisement of woman!

It seems a body of christian gentlemen have met at Pittsburg, demanding an amendment of the preamble to the constitution to read thus:

We, the people of the United States (acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all authority and power in civil government, the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as of Supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government "I, etc.

Now, if we are going to amend the preamble, let us begin with the first line, and decide who are included in "We the people." The best possible recognition christians can make of Jesus is to do justice to his disciples. The amendments of the constitution that emancipated and enfranchised the African race were far higher testimonials to our faith in God, than the above verbiage could have been without them. Another stronger proof of like faith would be a sixteenth amendment that should secure the right of suffrage to every citizen of the United States without distinction of sex.

Let no man, or body of men, presume to move anything else but this for a sixteenth amendment. They have passed fifteen amendments without woman's consent or consideration. Now we want a word to say in the next one. To these christian gentlemen we would say, first, do justice to your wives and mothers, and then follow Christ; "if you love not woman whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?"

On the object of this Pittsburg convention the *Post* comments in this wise:

The question which the proposition immediately suggests is, What is the object of the movement? "To constitute a Christian government," replies the preamble. But this is vague, and provokes two other questions. 1. Have we a right to constitute such a "Christian government?" as will virtually exclude Hebrews and Rationalists from office? 2. Will putting these words into the fundamental law make this a Christian government?

If we compel all office-holders to swear that they believe in the Deityship of Jesus and in the infallibility of the Bible, will they be less likely to indulge in superfluous swearing afterwards? Will they be less likely to break the fourth commandment, or the seventh, or the ninth? Will they be less likely to be for the interests of the party? Will they be less likely to partake of public plunder?—to barter votes for railroad stock or town lots?—to sell citizenship—to fall into drunkenness? It is easy enough to summon spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? Will calling this a "Christian nation" make it a Christian nation in any improved sense? Or would it rather, as Beecher says, affect its real character about as much as engraving the name of Jehovah upon a cannon would affect its aim?

I see in the Illinois Constitutional Convention there is a motion to modify their divorce laws. One member moved to forbid divorce for any cause. As they have adjourned for one month, the women of Illinois had better speak out in all their daily papers. Here, surely, is a question in which both sexes are equally interested. I think it would be showing a becoming modesty if these gentlemen would let the divorce code alone until the women of the state have the right to vote, and then we shall find out if virtuous, refined, educated women desire to be indissolubly bound to men who are gamblers and drunkards, who are licentious, passionate, ill-natured, who swear, smoke, chew tobacco, in whom the animal forever triumphs over the spiritual and intellectual nature. Do kind mothers wish to have their young and lovely daughters held through life in such gross associations? If not, express your opinions.

Last night I sat up late, reading "Hedged In," by E. S. Phelps. It is a thrilling tale of the lives of our unfortunates, our young, innocent girls, who, through poverty and temptation, are drawn down, down, down, where there is no eye save God's to pity, no strong arm to help. She sets forth, in vivid colors, the selfishness, hypocrisy, hard-heartedness of those who, in happy homes, "have all the rights they want," and never dream that they have duties, in the haunts of vice and crime, where many noble ones are pining for love, and help, to lead a better life. In the conduct of her Margaret Purcell towards Eunice Trent, the heroine, the author clearly marks out the duties of christian women towards the unhappy and the unfortunate of their own sex, and shows the Pharisaism of those people who are ever fearing contamination from poverty and vice. As I finished the little volume, and contemplated the beautiful character developed in poor Eunice, who had tasted the depths of human misery, I thought of what Victor Hugo says in his *Les Misérables*: "As the debris of sewers have been found to possess those chemical elements that can alone restore the worn-out lands of the old world, so from the very dregs of society, from the depths of poverty and vice shall come up the noblest virtues of heroism and self-sacrifice that can alone redeem the race. The one great defect in your story, dear Mrs. Phelps, is, that it ends too soon." E. C. S.

SOROSIS.

The Woman's Club held its second Anniversary at Delmonico's on Monday of last week, and had an exceedingly good time. From the report of the Executive Committee we make the following extract:

In the list of members of Sorosis are thirty-eight engaged in literature, six editors, twelve poets, six musical artists, twenty-five authors, two physicians, four professors, two artists in painting, nine workers in art, nine teachers, ten lecturers, one historian, one author of scientific works, and three known philanthropists.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh resigned the office of Corresponding Secretary, on account of the pressure of other duties, and presented a report which included these remarks:

"What has Sorosis done?" is a question that has been repeated again and again in every tone of taunt and incredulity, but I assert unhesitatingly that it has done much—all that it could reasonably have expected to do, and more. I believe that if those of us who assembled here at the first meeting could have looked forward and taken in our status to-day, the feeling would have been one of surprise, not that so little, but that so much had been accomplished. By existing we have demonstrated our right to exist. We have made good the hitherto untried experiment of a Woman's Club; have proved that women can work together; that they can tolerate differences, respect devotion to principle, and meet on higher ground than that of mere personal liking or identity of social class. It has demonstrated that men and women can dine together, and neither be the worse for the experiment; that a woman may speak to a sentiment, propose a toast or sing a song without being unwomanly; that the clouds of tobacco smoke, excessive drinking, and glories of questionable delicacy are not the indispensable concomitants of a successful entertainment. During the two years of its existence, Sorosis has done, in public and private ways, a large amount of beneficent work, and in this connection there is one feature of the club to which I wish to call special attention, namely, its consistency. In its circular letter, issued early in its career, it set forth with a frankness that gave offense to some persons, what were and what were not its objects, and on the platform announced at that time, it stands firmly to-day. As an organization it has steadily refused to be identified with any special reform, while it has cheerfully given countenance and support to individual members in any field of labor to which they felt attracted. It has been the

inspiration of a number of organizations having for their object the improvement of women, but while recognizing and welcoming every such enterprise, it has carefully avoided entangling alliances, and adhered steadily to its original idea. It has felt that Sorosis standing as the friend of women—the champion of womanhood was strong, many sided in its capacity for good. Sorosis committed to a specialty would be weak, the partners of a cause, helpful only in a single direction.

The retiring President, Mrs. Croly, delivered the Annual Address, in which she congratulated the Club on having outlived prophecy, and become the parent of many similar organizations.

Alluding to the difficulties which stand in the way of women accomplishing any work, she said:

The absence of a recognized public function is another obstacle in the way of women who wish to accomplish a definite purpose. I do not propose now to enter into the question whether this function should take the form of suffrage or not, but simply to state my own conviction that the great error of a republican form of government is, that it makes no provision for the employment and incorporation of women in some department or other of state or national affairs. Monarchies recognize the female right of succession, and create a privileged class—the honors, emoluments and duties of which women share. A republic is the only form of government which does not in any way recognize the existence of women except as a creature to be punished; and it is therefore, and must be in the nature of things, imperfect, as the dual element enters into everything that has permanent and perfect being. There is one way, however, in which Sorosis and kindred societies can help to make up for the lack in the form and administration of our government; and that is by creating a system of recognition of merit in women, as an offset to the now exclusive system of punishment. Every boy born in America looks forward to the possibility of personal distinction. Industry, application, and, still more, cleverness and tact, are sure to bring honors and rewards. But women have nothing of this sort to anticipate. The household is their only acknowledged sphere, and in it there is neither reward nor promotion. The more strictly and conscientiously a woman fulfills her duty, as laid down, the more narrow and contracted her life becomes. Marriage does not alter this condition of things. It is the refuge of some, but it has been the grave of many clever women—especially of those who have married clever men.

The election was an open one, and excited much interest and some amusement. Signs were distributed containing the printed designation of the different officers to be elected, and upon these, members wrote the names of their candidates. A two-thirds majority of the entire number of votes was necessary to secure election. The result was as follows:

Mrs. C. E. Wilbour, President; Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Mrs. A. J. Davis and Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas, First, Second and Third Vice-Presidents; Mrs. J. C. Croly, Chairman of the Executive Committee; Miss Kate Richard, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Louise Hartland, Recording Secretary; Miss Josephine Pollard, Treasurer; and Dr. Anna Denmore, member of Executive Committee. The time consumed by reports and balloting compelled the postponement of the election of the three remaining members of the Executive Committee, and also of the Auditor and Custodian.

Among the guests present were Mrs. Governor Fenton, Mrs. Phelps of the Woman's Bureau, Miss Lillian C. Edgerton, the new woman orator (who has already received notice in *The Revolution*), Mrs. Allen, of Jamestown, Mrs. Hilliard, of Brooklyn, Mrs. Harriet Lane, of Boston, and Miss Mullaney, the President of the Working-girls Union in Troy, who was invited to present their scheme for a co-operative manufactory, and did so briefly. It was 6 o'clock when the ladies separated, tired on with excess of enjoyment, and well satisfied with the day's proceedings.

E. H. Harwood has changed his residence to Princeton, Mass.

MISS ANTHONY IN BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

PEORIA, March 20, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: It was the good fortune of your correspondent on last Friday evening to listen to a debate between Susan B. Anthony and Prof. E. C. Hewitt of the State Normal University, which took place in Schroeder's Opera House, Bloomington, Illinois.

Miss Anthony had lectured in that city only the week before, and as Mr. Hewitt had said he could easily answer all her arguments, it was determined to give him a trial and permit the public to judge. Mr. H. is one of the most popular of the Normal Faculty and has always attracted attention by his firm and outspoken ideas on the subject of Woman Suffrage. He is of small stature (being about a head shorter than Miss Anthony) with a broad and wide forehead; is quick at *repartee*, happy in illustration, and a ready debater. As Miss Anthony is rather slow of speech, often hesitates in her choice of words and does not deal in any "quips and cranks" of sarcasm or "wanton wiles" of wit—it was fully believed by a majority of the people that she, as well as her cause, would be forever demolished.

The audience was large, the house being crammed from pit to gallery. President Edwards of the "Normal" was elected moderator. The question for debate was, "Is it Best for Women to Vote?" the question of *right* being wholly omitted. The speakers alternated, Miss A. occupying in all, 50 minutes, and Mr. H. 45. Miss Anthony in her opening speech was somewhat agitated, and did not talk with her usual force and calmness—still she made her points and enunciated altogether too many truths for the Professor to attempt to controvert. Her arguments are too well known to need a repetition here, and we only insert the points (?) made by Prof. H. as a specimen of the arguments one hear from the opponents of this movement in the west.

After paying a high compliment to Miss A. as an earnest, true-hearted woman, he asserted that the majority of women did not wish to vote; that wages were never affected by the ballot; that girls had an even chance with boys in getting an education; that men were always willing to make good laws for women, and in fact did make them as rapidly as they became civilized; that the only new avocation opened to woman by the ballot was office-holding, and that would surely demoralize her because it had the men—that there was a radical difference between men and women, which made it necessary for man to hold all the higher offices of life and place woman in the lower, (this latter was only implied). I say "he asserted" because the small matter of *proof* was wholly overlooked—perhaps wisely, for I very much doubt all of the above statements as susceptible of proof.

It was interesting, as indicative of the change in public sentiment in the past few years, to see how flat his most telling sentences fell on the audience. His witticisms and sarcasms they could and did applaud, but his argument had to go begging. On the contrary, while Miss Anthony spoke she was most applauded when she "made a point" or brought some new phase of the question clearly into view. It was plain to be seen that the people were readier to accept the *pro's* than the *con's* of this question—and that the sympathy of the audience was with Miss Anthony, not because she was a "woman," but because she was on the side of Right. Judging from the comments of the crowd as it slowly

wended its way streetward, even Mr. Hewitt's personal friends were disappointed and as usual attributed his failure to the fact of his opponent being a woman—when at the very outset he stated he should give her no quarter on that account. Well, in view of her success in proving herself stronger minded than at least one man, Miss Anthony can afford to be generous and let them say that he failed because she was a "woman."

Although this discussion may have been productive of no good in a proselyte-making sense, it certainly was in this, that it gave the friends of the cause who had feared to run the risk of such a battle, great encouragement, and showed its foes that their chosen knight could be disarmed by one of the "weak sisters" themselves.

E. M. L. B.

CHURCH AND STATE CONVENTION.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

REPORTED FOR THE REVOLUTION.

THE Convention advocating a theological amendment to the United States Constitution was held in Pittsburg, Pa. last week. It was well attended and enthusiastically addressed, and yet, it was quite evident, the cause gained very little strength.

The movement seems almost entirely confined to the clergy and narrowed still further to those of Trinitarian faith. Resolutions were drawn up and discussed with very little disagreement. The only clause which created any opposition was one reading—"that all acts of national worship are to be paid to God through Jesus Christ."

An amendment was offered by Dr. McIlvaine of Princeton College; much discussion followed, in which the dogma of the Trinity was conspicuous. The amendment read: "Resolved, It is the right of nations, no less than of individuals, to worship God according to the Christian religion." At best this is very ambiguous, inasmuch as Roman Catholicism is a Christian religion, no less than Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Universalism, etc.

Singular ideas were advanced by several speakers—for instance: That we have dishonored God by failing to use his name in our organic law. That "our Constitution is Godless," in that it does not mention the name, God. That—without a clause acknowledging God, and God in Christ, men would feel no obligations to obey the Constitution. That—"were any man to draw up a perfect code of morals; a perfect law of justice between man and man, this law would require nobody's obedience."

That—the proposed amendment is the only remedy for the dangers which threaten us as a Republic.

That—Civil governments are from God and "not the expression of the public will."

That "Greece, Rome, Persia, India and China founded their power upon the convictions of the people in a higher power." That we should do likewise or else "instead of government and liberty we will have anarchy and licentiousness," etc.

(The women of this land ought certainly to be pardoned for smiling at this masculine logic.)

I must not fail to mention that Rev. Mr. Newman attributed Poland's failure in battle and her ultimate destruction to the fact that the name of Jesus was not in her Constitution, while Prussia has been great in battle, "because the Generals of Prussia were Christians." Gen. Shetan having said to the Emperor "this bat-

tle-field must be conquered for Jesus—then we can do everything."

Very few clergymen of this city participated in the proceedings of the Convention; several have openly disapproved of its purpose.

Rev. F. A. Noble (Presbyterian) preached an admirable sermon on Sunday, disapproving of the entire object of the movement.

His reasons for disapproving were logical and forcible; the whole sermon was pervaded with that broad spirit of religious liberty which is so becoming an American and a man, and especially a spiritual director of men. I would like to quote a few of its admirable passages, but must forbear.

Miss Anthony lectured here a week ago on Work, Wages and the Ballot to a large and appreciative audience. Her lecture was well received and was fully reported in some of our city papers.

We were rejoiced to learn we are yet to hear Mrs. Stanton in Pittsburg this season.

B. F. P.

Pittsburg, March 8th, 1870.

DOT AND I.—MY CHILD.

NO. VI.

Is it not funny that not one of us mothers, the whole country over, would trade our baby for another? Not even the mother of the scrawniest and stupidest one of the lot, unless by some great self-denial for the sake of her baby's advantage. There is Dot, now. I know she is not perfect. She probably would not take a single premium at a baby show, but do you suppose we would "swap" her for any prize baby under the sun? No, indeed!

The Lord had good reasons for making such a strong tie between each babe and its own mother. He meant to insure the little one against neglect during its helpless infancy. No mother, with the maternal instinct in a healthy condition, can wander far from her babe. She leaves it with a nurse, to go to church, perfectly sure that it will be well cared for during her absence, but how her steps quicken as they near home, and she goes straight to baby.

"My child!" A mother may say that as no one else can. It was made of her own flesh and blood, and its fair little body is still nourished until the time of weaning, by food made of the warm tide that throbs through her veins. A mother's power and responsibility are very great in respect to her child's temper and talents, but not so unlimited, I am convinced, as many are teaching now-a-days. Just now I read in a very brief (and of course imperfect) report of a lecture on Motherhood, this sentence: "The mother can mould the child to her will from the first moment of its existence." If some young mother should accept this statement literally, and deliberately try to make a musician, a mathematician, or a poet of her child, she would be pretty sure to suffer disappointment. Will is not the only thing useful on the part of a mother. "Blood will tell." A mother's power over the organization and character of her child must be limited by her own endowments.

It is more important what a mother is than what she *wills*. I should not wonder if the deliberate act of willing that an unborn child bear this or that impression, defeats itself, of necessity.

No one can number the elements that go to the making up of a human being. There are all the ancestors on both sides, away back to Adam and Eve, with all the influences that went to

the making up of each—all these have their influence on the new life. Then the babe's own mother—her character has been built up of innumerable experiences, all the sights, and thoughts and emotions of her past life. So of the child's father. Out of these two lives spring a new one, bearing the impress of both. I think a mother's will, however strong, cannot set aside all these influences. But this she can do, if a free woman: she can live in accordance with the laws of health, keeping her blood pure and calm and avoiding exciting and unpleasant influences. This it is her duty to do. But a woman passing through this deep and important experience has peculiar rights as well as duties. She has a right to kind and careful treatment from all around her. It is fair that everything about her should be made as pleasant as possible, and that she be spared from fatiguing labor and exciting scenes. Everything that makes an impression upon the mother contributes to the making up of the little one.

Not mine—I never called thee mine,
But nature's heir.

It is the world's child after all, and we each have some responsibility for every child born. My child cannot have a fair chance in life if others are neglected. The education of each requires the education of all. As soon as the little one can walk and talk it begins to need society adapted to its years. Playing alone, it grows selfish and unduly sensitive. Associating only with grown people, it gets an undue sense of its own importance. It soon needs a place in a well-arranged kindergarten (child-garden), where classes of little ones play and sing and learn object lessons and gymnastics, under the direction of wise and sympathizing teachers. When body and brain are both strong enough to allow of regular lessons from books, class instruction is better than private study. So it is all the way through life. "All are needed by each one."

Is it probable that the idea of "equal rights" will grow in the public mind to mean that every child born upon earth, in however dark a den, has an equal right with all others to pure air and sunshine, to refined surroundings and gentle teachers? And then, shall we find it necessary for the good of all, and so necessary for each, that all dark dens be abolished? And shall we really "dwell together in unity"? Is that the meaning of christianity?

"Visionary!" Well, thank God for visions!

I have not seen, I may not see,
My hopes for man take form in fact,
But God will give the victory
In due time, in that faith I act.
And he who seeks the future sure,
The baffling present may endure,
And bless, meanwhile, the unseen hand that leads
The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

FAITH ROCHESTER.

INFLUENCE OF OFFICEHOLDING.—Senator Steward of Nevada only reports what has often been said in substance by men of clear and honest observation, of the dire effects of office-holding and even of clerkships upon those whose mistaken ambition is at last gratified by reaching a position at the national capital. Mr. Steward says that, after a few years occupation of place, many young men were found, when turned out, to be unfit for work; with no money to help them away from the capital; they became paupers and added to the poverty of the District, their usefulness being destroyed for life. Senator Wilson says he is always grieved when

any young man applies to him for office or place in the government. And Mr. Carpenter declares worse and worse, that the Department is even now full of incompetent persons, and that the remedies are to weed them out, reduce the clerical force about one-half, appoint first-rate men, lengthen the hours of work, and double the pay. All that these men say is true, doubtless, of the clerks and other government employees in Washington, but might not Mr. Carpenter's remarks apply to members of Congress as well? Even were they all competent men, one-half would be better than the whole, but as very many of them actually are, it certainly is not too much to say the less of them the better.

FILTHY POOL OF POLITICS

BY MRS. C. C. LEAVITT, NEVADA CITY.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Though seeming strangers, we are really friends, by virtue of kindred aims, aspirations and purposes; and from the midst of California's auriferous hills, I greet you! Your welcome paper comes regularly to cheer and instruct, and is looked upon by your readers here as a mighty power between right and wrong. There are great and glorious possibilities in the future of our sons and daughters, if not in our own, and the signs of the times point unerringly to a full fruition of necessary and desirable conditions. The enfranchisement and consequent elevation of woman will result, naturally, in the elevation of man, though it is a common cry with those who oppose this reform (whose lives and opinions should have graced the middle ages) that we will degrade ourselves by mingling in public affairs—that politics has stagnated into a "filthy pool." Shameful admission for American citizens, descendants of Washington and Jefferson, to make as their strongest argument against Woman Suffrage! Such gentlemen who aspire to, and continue in, political life, must feel proud of their calling (and election) if the science and affairs of government have become so intensely corrupt. They are in error.

The science of Republican Government, as established through American independence, is not corrupt, nor can it become so. The maladministration of evil and designing men, in affairs of both church and state, has entailed upon the people the grievous ills under which they labor. There is a good time coming in the history of American politics, when the man seeking, or rather sought, for official honor or emolument will have to exhibit a spotless record before his fellow-citizens; when, among Congressmen and state legislators will not be found, as at present (to our disgrace), gamblers, professional or other, drunkards, either moderate or confirmed, prize fighters or lottery dealers, men without any means of support but the public crib, and whose constituents are the dregs of the population, as is the case in your own boasted city, the great metropolis of our nation. Is it to be wondered at then, that such men think even the science of government corrupting? Who made it such? It is time that the women of our land were given a voice in its affairs, for their moral influence would be surely felt. It is time that the great mass of our thinking and voting, fellow-citizens, without regard to their past party proclivities, awoke to the full realization of the condition of our political affairs. A gentleman of culture and wealth (not an advocate for Woman Suffrage, not yet

an opponent) said to me lately, "I have voted for the last time—public affairs are controlled by demagogues through the suffrage of the ignorant populace of the land, which appears to be in the majority—soon will come anarchy and a monarchy, and better that it should." Will such course of action and thought upon the part of a citizen of this Republic help to remedy our evils? It will but intensify them. Admit to participation in our public affairs the only element of society now "left out," the women of our land, and soon will their purifying and elevating influence be felt throughout its length and breadth.

It is said that it is a discontented, restless, homeless, masculine class of women who are urging and laboring for this great cause. This is certainly false. Most of those who engage in this cause are mothers. It is not a restless desire to go beyond their "sphere," but a full and over-powering conviction that their duties are not performed; their women's sphere but half filled. It is a demand of the age that woman shall take a stronger, higher and nobler position in man's esteem and affection than in the past.

ARE MEN TYRANTS?

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

THE present inferior condition of women and the disabilities under which they labor, are made sometimes the ground-work for denunciations against men, and declarations that they are tyrants and oppressors. Let us see if an investigation of the causes of the present state of affairs will not do something to remove this impression and to show that laws which now, it must be owned, bear hardly upon woman had their origin rather in the desire of men to protect them from care than from any deliberate injustice.

The origin of man's first supremacy is to be found, doubtless, in his greater physical strength, which made the man in primitive states of society, by mere brute force, the absolute master of the woman, and gave to the most powerful warrior the rule over his tribe—indeed many savage nations so venerated this quality of strength that it was their custom to destroy in infancy those children that were puny or sickly. Where, then, this attribute of power was so esteemed, it is little wonder that women, who were all less in strength than men, were held to be on that account inferior. Nor has this respect for brute force entirely died away, for you will find now the bully of a village cowering into subservience boys who are vastly his superior, intellectually, and the champions of the prize ring still have their admirers.

Advancing enlightenment, however, has done much to shake this old prejudice; people are respected generally in proportion to their brain, and not to their muscle—the small and slender Colfax commands more esteem than burly John Morrissy, and the delicate Mrs. Browning and the fragile Mrs. Stowe have reigned over more subjects than the stalwart editors of the *Clippers* or the *Spirits of the Times*. The era of the equality of minds, not bodies, is coming fast.

To return to the past, men having assumed their superiority on account of their greater strength, found that this superiority brought with it certain duties. Women, because they were weaker manifestly, ought not to be expected to fight, men therefore took upon themselves the duty of carrying on war and defend-

ing their homes. To prove man's tyranny, the custom of certain rude tribes is sometimes cited, where you shall see, when travelling, the woman carrying the burdens of household goods, while the man walks beside her untrammelled, except with his arms—and yet is this not a more just and equal arrangement than prevails in some families at the present day? The Indian warrior marches unburdened, that he may be ready at any moment to defend his wife from hostile attack or secure the game which shall furnish the dinner. The Indian woman carries the tent and scant furniture as her part of the task of life, she cannot fight or hunt, but she can do such work as shall leave her husband free to do this. She finds an imitator in the hard working wife of some honest farmer who guards the household and keeps it in order, that the husband may do his man's duty of tilling the soil and earning their bread—and puts to shame the modern fine lady, who "cumbers the ground" in useless idleness, neither doing the man's part of fighting or earning, or the woman's of helping to bear the burdens of life.

To come down a step in history, we find after a time these men getting together to make laws. Now it must be remembered, that the first men who thought of framing a code of laws had no imagination of the modern doctrine that "all men are born free and equal." They lived in a state of society where might was held almost as right, where serfs and slaves were not thought to be entitled to any protection, and where they made them naturally for the benefit of the few people of their own privileged class. They had regarded women as weak beings, who were to be protected in every way from the many responsibilities of life, and they naturally framed their laws so as to make them in all their lives the ward of some man who should look after their interests, take care of them and guard them and their property from injury.

I firmly believe that all these laws, which come down to us from feudal England, had their origin in the kindness and protecting love of men rather than in their tyranny. Take, for instance, that law cited as so oppressive which gives the father the right of providing for his children, and binding them out apprentices. May we not suppose that it was framed rather with a view to save the mother from the worry of hunting up places, or investigating the claims of different occupations, than with any thought of placing in the hands of the man a power of wrong and injury to his wife and children?

That these old laws are often cruel and oppressive now, must be admitted, for here the feudal system no longer exists. Here women as well as men, as a general rule, must earn their own livings and therefore deserve equal protection from the laws; here we have no privileged class whose convenience all legislation must be made to suit; but while admitting all this and joining heartily in the demand for equal laws and equal political privileges for both sexes, I must protest against declaring all men to be tyrants because of the existing state of affairs.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN OHIO.—Like Illinois, and Minnesota and Kansas, Ohio still holds back, though in all those states the up-hill work appears to be nearly done. Perseverance on the part of the workers will soon be crowned with complete success. In Ohio, the question of submitting the Suffrage amendment to the people was lost by only a small minority, not majority, 53 for and but 51 against. A three-

fifths majority was required and so the minority ruled. A reporter said:

Politically, the Woman Suffrage men were found to be both parties, but the democrats were a little more favorable than the republicans to making politicians out of "petticoats," as the vote will show, 38 democrats and 20 republicans.

THE WOMEN OF TEXAS.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I purpose to give your readers a little idea of the life and condition of the great mass of Texas women and girls, so far as it may have any bearing upon the Woman question of to-day. Little is known of these distant women, through the newspapers, and, even though some painful conclusions must be reached, I conceive that some advantage will arise from a fair statement.

Texas women are neither wild, nor natural simpletons, as many at the north seem to suppose, although, what an unsettled and unprogressive country can do to make them so this section has done, and some of their practices would lead one, on first acquaintance, to think one or the other characteristic true.

The education of the mothers has been nothing at all, and that of the rising generation no better, so that to a New Englander there appears, at once, a great need which can be supplied by nothing short of education. As a rule, they have little knowledge of what is going on in the great world outside, and less concern; wrapped up within themselves, few books or papers are employed to increase intelligence, and, in no considerable community is intelligence a noticeable feature. I assure you. There is as much passion for display and dress, perhaps, as anywhere else; for tight lacing and pinching shoes; for beauty, in form and features, but generally the "belle of the village" is regarded, by one from the north, as remarkably plain and unattractive.

There is no real beauty here, though this is no fault of nature. I have seen young ladies of twenty, whose features and symmetry of form would make New England ladies the admired of all admirers, who absolutely are repulsive to the lover of true beauty, so expressionless and lifeless are they. This is one of the products of excessive snuff "dipping," to which every native Texan woman is enslaved; go where you will, and this disgusting custom greets you. Young girls of ten years make a broom of one end of a stick, by chancing, dip it into the family snuff-box—which is of no mean size—restore it to its place in one corner of the mouth, then chew and spit, and there is no cessation of this vile practice till the end of life.

After continued and careful observation, I am convinced that this wholly forbids beauty existence, in a woman indulging in it; the skin is made unnatural, the lips and mouth are injured, and the whole constitution of the woman is undermined.

This practice is so universal, that there is no attempt at concealment; after each meal the women of the household repair to their "dipping," whoever may be present. On one occasion, my hostess sat at the table chewing, with consummate zeal, upon her old snuff-stick, until, verily, "for the stomach's sake," I was forced to leave my coffee, corn-bread and bacon, and quit the house.

This does not lead one to presume much upon the modesty of these Texan women, however, he is likely to be deceived in this; they are over-modest, than otherwise, unless modesty must

necessitate the loss of their "dip;" yet, indeed, some are even modest in this. Let them have their due. Their modesty is often painful to a stranger, such excessive reserve and distancy does it produce. I know a young man of unquestioned integrity and purity, who, attending a party, invited several young ladies whom he had met several times before, to join in the dance with him, but was refused, wholly on the ground that they "were not sufficiently acquainted with him." Grant them the "right," but there is too much affectation in it to commend itself to public favor.

From this brief picture, you will be prepared to believe that there is not much soundness upon the great question of questions, among the women of the "Lone Star." In the first place, they have hardly an idea that Woman Suffrage is being talked about by anybody, and little do they care, as yet, whether it shall ever be or not. Then, there is little patriotism among them, and no enthusiasm upon any subject. The character of the local journals does not bespeak a fair and candid treatment of the question, at a very early day. I doubt if there is a sheet in Texas, of any recognized influence, which is committed to the advancement of woman, and, if there is a paper which ever speaks of the question in any other than a sturring way, that would be a public curiosity. Perhaps, then, the lack of interest among the women, is not wholly to be charged to their account, still they are the ones who must create a sentiment here, and, while the lack of the civilizing influences of railroads and emigration, may delay the step, sometime they will fall into the ranks and urge on the host.

Meanwhile, you of the north will settle the question. Where the highest and most liberal intelligence exists, there does the noble cause of woman find support; and progress among the women of Texas, of course, will be delayed, by the lazy, unproductive habits of her society.

T. W.

WOMAN'S NATURAL PROTECTOR.

A VERMONT woman sends the following incidents in her own experience and immediate observation, as some of her reasons for demanding the ballot:

I had a little money left from my father, and no man to feel any interest for me, save his self alone, and my ignorance of legal points, or a business capacity, has caused such suffering upon me, by cold, deliberate designs, that I have challenged any one to compare cases with mine, not forgetting the black slave at the south, and to-day my daughter, under tyrant sway, is not allowed to enter my dwelling.

An orphan girl, who lives across the way from me, was left with a home worth about two thousand dollars; no father, mother, relative, or friend of business capacity to shield her, and thus she, too, has been subjected to a set of defrauding, money-loving people, who have tried to wrench her home from her by calling her crazy! To gain a legal point, they have had a guardian chosen, that it might be decided to them, knowing that home is all she holds dear; but her taxes are such that she can hardly live. Thus she has been dragged through the various shades of chest as I, too, have been.

There is a widow at the north part of this state who actually did have to choose a guardian in settling her husband's estate, being a second wife, with one child. There is an old gentleman in this place abundantly able to provide the necessaries of life for himself and wife, yet when he became infirm by disease, he not providing help for her comfort, she had to go to a daughter's when she became worse, and he then advertised her as leaving his bed and board, and he should pay no debts of her contracting after date. And that daughter needs all her means and earnings to make her family comfortable.

A maiden lady in this town, who was well-educated, had learned several languages, and had money left her

to make her independent, a home and the usual comforts of life. But not educated in a business capacity, and, as a woman, had not the knowledge, or experience, her house was burned, and the poor thing hung up blacked, staid in a shed or barn, her fences torn down, crops destroyed, her feelings outraged, till at last, she sought refuge at a place where the highest claims lay, and they not daring to throw her upon the town, she remains as a servant in that family. Another way when here is, of putting on mortgages, and getting widows to sign away their homesteads. Widows thus outraged, and there are many such, may mourn, orphans may weep, but the poor and oppressed are not cared for, and so women only get the crumbs that fall from the masters' tables.

On the 17th of June my daughter took opium with intent to sleep forever! My wish came immediately I could not take it back—better would it have been for me years ago to have done so, and I was tempted strongly to do it. Nothing but helpless beings looking to me for help to shield them from storms, has made me willing to face the cannon's mouth of the church to this day. With that grief I ruptured a blood vessel, and have been very frail since. My daughter still lives, and although she has passed my door nearly every day for two weeks, she is not permitted by her lawful tyrant to have an interview with me, and I have not seen her to speak with her but twice for nearly three years! Is this better than southern slavery?

AMERICAN WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—A mass meeting of it was held last Monday forenoon in Steinway Hall. Henry Ward Beecher presided, and read an address from the pen of Catherine E. Beecher, showing the object of the Association to be to secure the rights and remedy the wrongs of woman by increased educational advantages, especially by both scientific and practical training in domestic and industrial pursuits suitable to her sex. The address occupied nearly an hour in the reading, but contained very little not already familiar to the readers of *THE REVOLUTION*, and to those who attend the meeting of the Woman's Rights Associations. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Beecher read the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the best interests of women demand the establishment of institutions for scientific and practical training, to prepare them for the many and difficult duties of the family state, which shall be as liberally endowed as are the colleges and professional schools for men.

Without further action the meeting then adjourned.

"THOSE WOMEN'S RIGHTS FOLKS."—The terror they are to many innocent persons, is most amusing. At the recent Woman's Suffrage Convention at St. Albans, Mrs. Campbell, of Springfield, said that, while on her way to the Brattleboro Convention, a party of musicians got into the car. They clustered around the stove, a most disreputable looking set, and were not, to say the least, desirable travelling companions. Near Mrs. Campbell, sat a young lady; and presently she came over to her and said: "May I sit down with you? I'm afraid of those men. Do you know I think they must be the band that travels around with those Women's Rights folks!" Mrs. Campbell took the frightened girl under her protection; but she didn't tell her that she'd come for shelter to one of those dreadful women, and the girl never suspected it.

A NEW ADVOCATE.—Extract of a private letter, dated Derby, Conn., March 25, 1870.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY: We have a new advocate for our cause—Rev. C. C. Carpenter. He has lately given us one of the finest lectures I have ever heard in favor of the ballot for Women. He is a clear-headed, honest hearted,

whole-souled and earnest seeker for truth, and we may justly be proud of such a champion. I would recommend that he be invited at once to speak at our National Convention in New York. The cause is slowly growing here, but the more sure for being slow. Two prominent Democrats gave me their word last week, that they were in favor of Woman Suffrage, and even thought courtesy and justice both required the sixteenth amendment before the fifteenth.

FACTS BY ABBIE J. SPAULDING.—I send the following on the authority of Maj.-Gen. R. W. Johnson. It was given in an address delivered by that gentleman before the Old Settlers' Association of Hennepin county, Minnesota, at their late reunion in the city of Minneapolis:

Many years ago a soldier at Fort Snelling received an injury to one of his feet, and mortification ensued. Amputation became necessary. The case could not be postponed until a surgeon could be sent for, because there was none nearer than the post surgeon at Prairie du Chien. No gentleman in the garrison was willing to undertake so difficult an operation. Equal to any emergency, Mrs. Van Cleave, on hearing of the case, resolved to make the attempt. With a small pair of scissors she went to work, performed the operation, and saved the soldier's life.

Another fact:

Six years ago the authorities of this state offered two prizes for the first and second best essays on "Minnesota as a Home for Immigrants," reserving to the examining committee the right to reject all manuscripts offered if found unworthy. The first prize was won by a woman, Mrs. Mary J. Colburn. Most of her competitors were men, among whom were members of the learned profession.

Has woman the nerve to practice surgery? And can she compete successfully with man in any department of literature? Yours for the cause.
Champlin, Minn., March 19, 1870.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.—It was held on Thursday afternoon of last week, at Dr. Hallock's, 140 East 15th street. The parlors were well filled. Articles were read from one or two newspapers which elicited much discussion, —one article giving account of Mrs. Spear's address before the California Legislature.

A lady expressed her desire for the ballot very earnestly in order that there might be "City Mothers" as well as "City Fathers." There was quite as much need of the mothers, especially in those departments of the public charities which were devoted to the aged and incurable, and also in those for women and children. Mrs. Marwedel still further developed her plans for a Horticultural School. The President's words of wisdom and kind counsel were missed, she being kept away from the meeting by illness.

The regular meeting of the Association will be held at Room 20, Cooper Institute, on Friday, April 1st, at 2½ o'clock.

THE REVOLUTION is indebted to Mrs. Senator Pomeroy for a copy of the Seventh Annual Report of the National Association for the relief of destitute colored women and children in Washington, D. C., a most important and worthy institution.

THE INDEX.—Its prospectus will be found in its appropriate column. It is a fearless and able exponent of the most advanced and advancing thought on all questions pertaining to theology, religion and worship. The following is extracted from a private note by the editor to Miss Anthony:

I cannot write even a really business note to you, without expressing my sympathy for the cause you advocate so nobly and unselfishly, and my wish to co-operate

in with you in every way. It would give me great pleasure to publish an article from you in the Index, though I know that you have no need of such an instrumentality. Perhaps, however, you might thus reach some readers new to you.

With great respect, yours,

F. E. Amos.

MRS. STANTON'S LECTURES.

DURING the month of March Mrs. Stanton delivered lectures before large audiences at Wabash, Crawfordville, and Indianapolis in Indiana; at Peoria, in Illinois; at Janesville, in Wisconsin; at Decorah and McGregor in Iowa; and at Minneapolis, Hastings, St. Paul, Stillwater and St. Cloud, in Minnesota, and at two or three other places.

Mrs. Stanton's engagements for April, so far as ascertained, are as follows:

Ripon,	Wisconsin,	April 1st.
Broadhead,	"	2d.
Monticello,	Iowa,	5th.
Marion,	"	6th.
Iowa City,	"	7th.
Earville,	Illinois,	8th.
Danville,	"	"
St. Joseph,	Michigan,	12th.
Jackson,	"	13th.
Hudson,	"	14th.
Sturgis,	"	15th.
Toledo,	Ohio,	16th.
Tiffin,	"	18th.
Pittsburg,	Pa.	20th.
Uniontown,	"	21st.
Fredonia,	N. Y.	23d.
Easton,	Pa.	25th.

In addition to her letter, Mrs. Moore, our English correspondent, has just sent us some most important papers and documents relating to the cause of Woman in her country.

LITERARY.

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS.—Recorded by an unknown writer for the use of Authors and Publishers.—To the first for doctrine, to the second for reprint, to both for correction and for instruction in righteousness. Edited and published by Gail Hamilton—Cambridge, Mass. Riverside Press. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A volume of almost 300 pages, and though designed especially "for Authors and Publishers" will be read to the end, and with eagerness, too, by whoever begins it, no matter of what calling, trade, or profession as what work of Gail Hamilton's is not? When she puts her name to a position for Woman Suffrage, and some work to prayer, as she will ere long, let the world be sure the triumph of the conflict will not be very long in coming. But therefore her present delay, when almost the whole literature of the land has declared for, and demands it?

THE RADICAL.—Monthly.—by R. H. Morse, 22 Broomfield Street, Boston. \$4 a year; single Nos. 25 cents.

Whatever may be said of other magazines, *The Radical* is indispensable to the progress of society; to the unfolding and enforcing that type of free, untrammelled thought, heterodox as well as orthodox, without which there would be no growth at all. Even error is safe where truth is left free to grapple with it. Perhaps nobody yet knows how important even this kind is to the better unfolding and confirming the truth. And besides, most of the theological horreness of any age, in civilization, are but the bitter buds of what become to time glorious flowers and fruits. Thirty years ago Mr. Emerson was the terror of all religious respectabilities, of every name. Now Unitarianism is much less after his type of that day, and the stern orthodox craves the discarded costume of an early Unitarianism. The *Chemicalist* connects, even, have to follow, and teach that is frightful to-day in the *Radical*, will one day be the faith of the Nations. In the next column shall follow the present as this the last, between three and four hundred years afterward, who can, who dare predict what

stunning dogmas may be thundered abroad! dogmas and doctrines at which the whole Council to-day would stand aghast, and Protestantism as well. Let the Radical be extended, sustained as sacred fire. Every lover of fearless, free thought in religion should be, if possible its patron—its champion at any rate.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April is as interesting as ever, and a trifle more useful. "The Lumber Woman" article is what the world of women need more of. This "dying for something to do" may go well in cities and towns, but nowhere else. "Reviving Virginia" is an interesting article, but it treats more of things than men, which is not well. It is said the men, the working men, there are leaving and removing south. That removing laborers to the south for so many years by the domestic slave trade, was the ruin of Virginia. It should protect its laborers at whatever cost. Her resources are boundless, but valueless without them. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. \$4 a year.

OLD AND NEW. Monthly. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. New York: Hurd & Houghton, Astor Place. \$4 a year.

It deserves all the praise it receives, and that is saying a great deal. But some how one feels, at least, if for one feels as though it did rather better by the old than the new. It deserves a grand success, and I am glad to learn that its prospects, so far, are most encouraging. But it is certainly as safe now as it is desirable to treat largely of the most advanced ideas and feed the souls of the living, at least, as well, as the dead.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April has seventeen articles and some of them truly very able. No religious denomination is more fortunate in its denominational organs than that represented by the *Catholic World*. It is shortly to remove its local habitation across the City Hall Park to No. 9 Warren street near Broadway.

PUTNAM for April is excellent. It is almost every month. It, too, like the Atlantic Monthly, has its article on the south, paying particular attention to Virginia. The article on the American doctrine of Neutrality is able and loyal to liberty and justice, and of course severe in its criticisms on the president and government. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway, New York. \$4 per annum.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE—London: Emily Faithful. New York: Wilmer & Rogers. One shilling (21 cents) a number.

A most valuable publication. But it is most remarkable that while all the *Woman's Rights papers in America* give much space to British and foreign intelligence on the subject of woman, English journals seldom allude to America and its operations.

APPLETON for last week, date of April 23, was capital: its illustrations unusually good, its reading matter never better. It often speaks well of woman, but to openly espouse her cause, right of Suffrage and all, would be a good rather than a bad investment now. Ten cents single—\$4 a year—30 to 94 Grand street, New York.

MAN'S RIGHTS, or How would you like it?—Being Dreams by Annie Denton Cridge. Boston: William Denton.

A pamphlet of eight and forty as well filled pages as are often seen, showing that however the author may dream at times she is not asleep always by any manner of means. The pictures of men and boys as they would be trained just as are girls with the order reversed also, as to the girls, are Punchinello Punchinellismo.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. The April number is certainly not behind its usual worth, and that is praise enough. Wood & Holbrook, 10 Lighthouse street, New York \$2 a year.

OF Pictorials we have *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*, *Democrat's Monthly*, *Every Saturday* (Fields, Osgood & Co.), *Health and Home*, and last, but by no means least, *Appleton's Journal*. Then there are others of less note, but not less value, such as *Riverside Magazine*, *Hurd & Houghton's The Nursery*, J. L. Shores, Boston, and the best young children's magazine ever published since children were born; and *Merry's Museum*, also of Boston, one of the oldest young folks' papers in the world. To these, as illustrated also, should be added the *Phrenological Journal*, now married to *Puckard's Monthly*, a

well and favorably known, but now as such, known no more. King Solomon sang:

"Two are better than one"

These two were both good before, but not so good as that they may not be better now.

LADIES interested in all questions concerning the elevation of Women, are invited to attend the Conversazione, given by the New York City Woman's Suffrage Association at Mrs. Dr. Hallack's, 140 East 15th street.

CROWDED OUT.—A number of articles, already in type.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson machine July 10th, 1857, and for the first six years used it constantly from morning until late in the evening on heavy cloth and Marseilles work, and the remainder of the time I have used for family sewing, without repairs, and the machine is in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number. It will wear a dozen years more without repairing. I have used one needle nearly three years, and have some of the dozen needles that I received with the machine. Jersey City. MRS. T. EDMONDSON.

Financial Department.

(Under this head, correspondents are responsible to their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.)

SPECIE PAYMENTS

DEAR REVOLUTION: Please explain

1st. How the resumption of specie payments will benefit the western farmer or the producers? I, individually, never took greenbacks expecting gold on them, but took them because I had confidence that we (who are the government) could and would compel any other individual to take them of us at their stamped measures of value.

2d. As legal tenders—greenbacks have proved by seven years use, without a shadow of gold base or redemption, to be the best money we ever used; why will they not prove just as good during seven times seven years?

It appears to me much more loyal, as also practical, to place a greater confidence in this government than in corrupting gold. We scout the fallacy that gold is a better base for our money than ourselves who, being a combination of producers, are hence a mighty and reliable government. And it seems a dangerous disloyalty for a representative man to hold that this government with all its ancient and live honors, and its vast estates, is less trustworthy than gold in the pockets of gamblers to secure our money!

3d. To use this legal tender money, is simply acting upon our mutual pledge (we voters being the government) to use our own paper for money. And why should gold gamblers interfere by weaving funding and strengthening bills, so made as to promise vast amounts of gold, and thus invite repudiation, and necessarily weaken public credit? But those who coin or encourage such bills, will yet be considered the practical repudiators of our 5-20 bonds.

4th. When we as a community need it, and plead for \$50,000,000 more of our own money to use, why should gold gamblers step it and thus cripple the sale of our products by making it a

very scarce; and hence interest on money high, and more frequent?

5th. Why not allow our said money to be loaned indefinitely to such banks (at 3 per cent.) as will simply secure it, and also all depositors by real estate? Every business man and even small plow-boys know that gold in bankers' vaults (they keeping the keys) is no security to us at all. And this 3 per cent. on our \$500,000,000 of currency would be \$24,000,000 annually saved, as also the \$20,000,000 we now pay on the bank bonds deposited in Washington, making \$44,000,000 thus saved. And this is but a moiety of the saving, and it would also increase yearly; hence this system should be adopted.

Please therefore be so kind as to publish the above questions, etc., over your answers, if you wish to answer, so that producers and business men can carefully examine both, and you will oblige many industrialists.

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The transition from Christianity to Free Religion, through which the civilized world is now passing, but which it very little understands, is even more momentous in itself and in its consequences than the great transition of the Roman Empire from Paganism to Christianity. THE INDEX aims to make the character of this vast change intelligible in at least its leading features and offers an opportunity for discussions on this subject which find no fitting place in other papers.

Mr. Wm. H. HENNINGSON, of SPRINGFIELD, ILL., for 20 years the law partner and intimate friend of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, contributes to THE INDEX for April 2, an exceedingly interesting and valuable article, giving a full account of MR. LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS—as followed by another, explaining his PHILOSOPHY, as connected with his religion.

THE attention of NEWS DEALERS is called to this announcement. 117-119

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